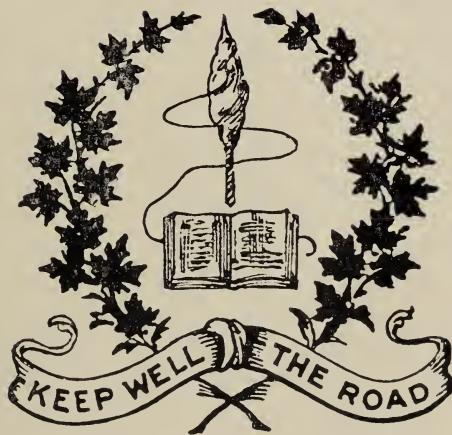


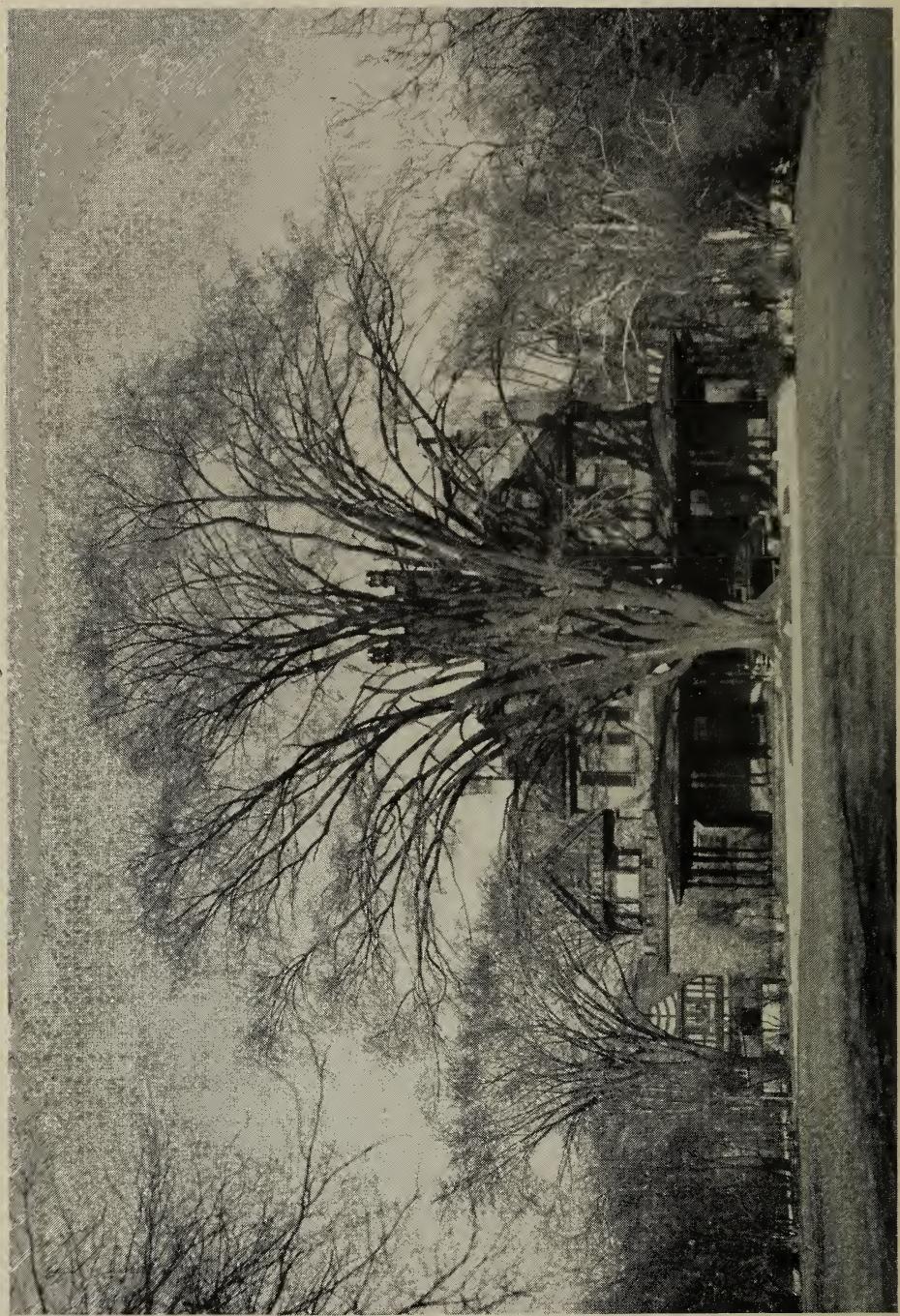
The Branksome Slogan



1948

THE
BRANKSOME
SLOGAN





“READACRES”

Landmarks in Our History

- 1903—School established at 102 Bloor East.
- 1910—School moved to 592 Sherbourne Street.
- 1912—School purchased and moved to 10 Elm Avenue.
- 1917—Harrogate House bought.
- 1921—Scott House bought.
- 1924—Gymnasium and Senior Class Rooms built.
- 1926—Swimming Pool completed.
- 1927—Main Building Common Room added.
- 1935—Clansdale Heights Farm bought.
- 1937—No. 16 made Principal's residence.
- 1938—Junior School Class Rooms added to Harrogate House.
- 1942—Sherborne House purchased for Senior residence.
- 1948—No. 2 Elm Avenue secured.

This last addition to our property consists of six acres of land adjoining Sherborne House grounds, a large part of which is in process of being made into a fine playing field for School games of all kinds, such as tennis, basket-ball, soft-ball, archery, track events, etc. Facing the south and sheltered by the hills which form the ravine, this area is admirably suited for games at all seasons of the year, while the hills afford opportunity for skiing and tobogganing.

We feel that we have been most fortunate in being able to secure such a large area in the heart of the city, and in acquiring for the use of Branksome girls an estate which has been a Rosedale landmark for so many years.

At the annual Alumnae Association dinner this year, on February 14th, it was moved by Shirley McEvoy and carried unanimously that the new property be named "Readacres" in honour of Miss Read.

EDITORIAL

We live precariously in turbulent days when once again the immediate future seems none too bright. The world is in the throes of many changes—radical, gradual, vast and minute changes—and each change has its individual importance, its relative effect towards ultimate destruction or ultimate security and peace. Nations and countries, cities and towns, factories and schools alike are affected by this metamorphosis, whether it be good or bad. Branksome, too, takes her small place in this changing stream of life.

Some changes seem small and insignificant at first, but they soon become a part of the tradition and background of the school. Branksome is justly proud, therefore, of a momentous change in the addition of the new property. Six new acres and a wonderful new residence are indeed a change in Branksome's world. They will provide modern class rooms, new art facilities, etc., as well as promise a more extensive sports programme. The future is very bright for up-and-coming Branksomites. They only have to know the envious thoughts of the graduating students as a proof that Read Hall is a change that is greeted with unhesitating enthusiasm. 1947-48 has been an important stepping-stone on the path of Branksome's history.

Although this element of change will undoubtedly prevail for years to come, there are basic foundations which, for the benefit of the school, must never change. Branksome's school spirit, for example, must retain its present glowing flame. Loyalty to the school, in all our thoughts, words and deeds, is equally as important, even in later years when we are out in the busy world and perhaps have begun to forget some of "the best years of our lives". Then, come what may, although Branksome will change in many respects, the essence of its being, its very drive and power will remain *unchanged*, and it will still stand "ever true to God and right".



EDITORIAL STAFF

Editor-In-Chief: Sally McConnell.

Advertising Manager: Nancy Blundell.

Associate Editors: Jessie Marriner, Jeanne Roscoe.

Reporters: Elizabeth Evans, Mary Lou Porter, Marion Wallace, Heather MacPherson, Shirley Mair.

Art Editors: Cathleen Cherry, Harriet Saylor.

Committee: Ann Blackwell, Beverley Galbraith, Virginia Leishman, Mary Stephens, Maxwell Stewart, Joan Vipond, Norma Wood.

CALENDAR FOR 1947-1948

Sept. 10—School opened.	Jan. 19— Macbeth.
Sept. 12—Gathering of the Clans.	Jan. 21— Twelfth Night.
Sept. 19—Picnic in gym.	Jan. 23—Skating Party.
Sept. 21—Rev. Calvin Chao.	Jan. 25—Mr. Rayfield.
Sept. 28—Harvest Festival.	Jan. 30—The Dance.
Oct. 3—Old Girls' Basketball.	Feb. 1—Sound Movies.
Oct. 5—Wing Commander Spencer	Feb. 3—Ice Follies.
Oct. 7— Il Trouvatore.	Feb. 6—Skating Party.
Oct. 10—Thanksgiving Week end.	Feb. 8—Mr. Wilfrid Bauman.
Oct. 16—Elman.	Feb. 11—Mr. Joe Muchan.
Oct. 22—Installation of Prefects.	Feb. 13—Swimming Meet.
Oct. 23—B. Ball St. Clem. vs. B.H.	Feb. 14—Alumnae Dinner.
Oct. 24—Fourth Form Plays.	Feb. 15—Westminster Church.
Oct. 26—Mrs. Norman Stirrett.	Feb. 18—First Form Plays.
Oct. 27—B. Ball Moulton vs. B.H.	Feb. 20—Week End.
Oct. 29—B. Ball B.S.S. vs. B.H.	Feb. 25—Hockey Match.
Oct. 31—Masquerade.	Feb. 27— Disraeli.
Nov. 2—Canon Paterson.	Mar. 5—Fashion Show.
Nov. 4—B. Ball H.L.C. vs. B.H.	Mar. 7—Mr. Germaine.
Nov. 7—Week-end.	Mar. 12—Talent Night
Nov. 11—Memorial Service.	Mar. 14—Dr. Strangway.
Nov. 12—Toronto Symphony.	Mar. 15—Brailowsky.
Nov. 13—B. Ball St. Clem. vs. B.H.	Mar. 17—Barbara Ann Scott.
Nov. 14—Ramabai.	Mar. 19—Junior Operetta.
Nov. 16—B. Ball B.S.S. vs. B.H.	Mar. 21—Mr. Adams.
Nov. 19—Winter Fair.	Mar. 24—School Closed.
Nov. 22— Anthony and Cleopatra.	Apr. 6—School re-opened.
Nov. 28—Ski Pictures.	Apr. 18—Mr. Don Warren.
Nov. 30—Mrs. Bronstein.	Apr. 25—Rosedale United.
Dec. 12—Dance.	Apr. 27—Philadelphia Orchestra.
Dec. 14—Carol Service.	May 2—Confirmation.
Dec. 15—Whitby.	May 6—Toronto Symphony.
Dec. 19—School closed.	May 7—Senior Operetta.
Jan. 12—School re-opened.	May 11—Mr. Chas. Tipp.
Jan. 16—Skating Party.	May 22—Week-end.
Jan. 18—Mr. Peter Ackroyd.	June 4—Strawberry Festival.
	June 6—Closing Service.
	June 8—Prize Giving.



We at Branksome are intensely proud of our school and of its traditions. We are grateful, not only for the opportunities offered in education, but also for the splendid chances given in our sports. For, after all, learning to succeed in life is achieved not only in the academic field, but also in the field of sport, where we have been taught fair play, co-operation and sportsmanship.

To be able to say that you have been graduated from Branksome Hall means a great deal in later years. It means that you represent a God-fearing school that has carried the beliefs of fair play and justice through forty years of service. It means that you, personally, believe in these qualities and are ready to support and defend them at any time.

JOAN LANGLOIS,
Head Girl.

APPOINTMENTS

Head Girl—Joan Langlois

HOUSE PREFECTS

Ann Armour, Doris Badgley, Winifride Drover, Alcia Eager, Alma Hatch, Xandra Hosking, Judith Shobottom.

DAY PREFECTS

Valinda Burruss, Sally Dalton, Evelyn Howden, Joan Heise, Jessie Marriner, Sally McConnell, Joan Vipond, Jerry Weir.

SUB-PREFECTS—(House)

Marion Cornish, Helen De Nike, Mary Anne Hearn, Naomi Inglis, Charmian Philpott, Ailsa Reid, Helen Scace, Joan Spackman.

SUB-PREFECTS—(Day)

Nancy Blundell, Jean Catto, Helen Costerus, Joan Ellis, Maida Harris, Betty Southgate, Muriel Joy Stewart, Louise Walwyn, Alison Zimmerman.

BETTA KAPPA SOCIETY

President—Alma Hatch.
Vice-President—Ann Armour.
Secretary—Betty Southgate.
Treasurer—Joan Heise.

Committee: Joan Ellis, Grace Flavelle, Marjorie Flavelle, Patricia Gillespie, Virginia Hearst, Kathryn Keene, Charmian Philpott, Joan Vipond, Louise Walwyn, Jerry Weir.

OPHELEO SOCIETY

President—Doris Badgley.
Vice-President—Muriel Joy Stewart.
Secretary—Judith Shobottom.
Treasurer—Valinda Burruss.

Committee: Beverley Britt, Helen Costerus, Lucy Deck, Alicia Eageer, Maida Harris, Grace Seaman, Joan Spackman, Jean Wallace.

I.S.C.F.

President—Lucy Deck.
Vice-President—Muriel Joy Stewart.
Secretary-Treasurer—Melba Rycroft.

CLAN CHIEFTAINS

Scott—Joan Ellis.
Campbell—Jerry Weir.
Ross—Evelyn Howden.
MacAlpine—Alison Zimmerman.
Macgregor—Sally Dalton.
McLeod—Charmian Philpott.
Douglas—Helen De Nike.
Maclean—Naomi Inglis.

SUB-CHIEFTAINS

Patricia Marriner
Barbara Fleming
Jeanne Garrow
Marjorie Flavelle
Virginia Leishman
Mary Lou Lyon
Faye Purdy
Joanne Moore

LIBRARY ASSISTANT — Helen De Nike

LIBRARY REPRESENTATIVES:— Jean Catto, Marjorie Flavelle, Wanda Hutchings, Barbara Gorman, Elizabeth Evans, Miriam Moeller, Patricia McClocklin, Patricia Howorth, Joan Somerville, Ellen Avigdor, Millicent Hsiung, Peggy Porter, Joan Adamson.

FORM OFFICERS

President

Form VA—Jeanne Garrow
Form VB—Joan Spackman
Form VSp. (Com.)—Jane McPherson
Form VSP. (H.E.)—Chairman Philpott
Form IVA—Margaret Chisholm
Form IVB—Jane Macaulay
Form IVSp.—Joanne Moore
Form IIIA—Sally Langford
Form IIIB—Marion Wallace
Form IIA—Lynn Dibblee
Form IIB—Pauline Cole
Form IA—Shirley Mair
Form IB—Joan Bradshaw

Vice-President

Norma Wood
Marion Cornish
Julia Echlin
Frances Fair
Mary Louise Edmonds
Jean Trestail
Molly McMurray
Patricia Garnett
Corinne Mayhew
Heather McPherson
Joan Mawhinney
Joan Archer
Nancy Patten

Sec.-Treasurer

Grace Flavelle
Patricia Phair
Peggy Bamford
Jocelyn Wright
Helen Hill
Harriet Saylor
Jo Ann Patterson
Wendy Aitken
Susan Stott
Anna Lea Elderkin
Frances Snetsinger
Beverley Balmer
Nancy Lyle



SUB-PREFECTS

Left to Right: M. A. Hearn, J. Spackman, M. Harris, M. J. Stewart, H. Costeres, Ailsa Reid, N. Blundell, J. Catto, L. Walwyn, H. Seace, B. Southgate, M. Cornish (absent).

AWARDS 1947

JUNIOR SCHOOL PRIZE LIST

Grade III—Pamela Kerr.	Grade V—Elizabeth Wilson.
Grade IV—Hilary Warren.	Grade VI—Patricia Fulford.
Grade VII—Sandra Robertson, Elizabeth Smyth.	
Grade VIII—Mary Barnet, Jennifer Jones.	

SCRIPTURE

Jennifer Jones, Shirley Mair, Beverley Balmer, Anne Stagg.

SENIOR SCHOOL PRIZE LIST

FORM IV

English—Sally McConnell.	History—Sally Dalton.
French—Valinda Burruss.	Mathematics—Jean Catto.
Latin—Jessie Marriner.	Spanish—Dorothy Burnham.
Science—Evelyn Howden.	Interior Decoration—Jocelyn Wright.
History of Art—Janet Stewart.	

FORM V

General Proficiency—Barbara Wales.

English—Anne Burton. **French**—Barbara Wales.

Mathematics—Beverley Rush. **Biology**—Aune Merriman.

Physics and Chemistry—Patricia Marlow. **Latin**—Judith Godfrey.

Secretarial—Elaine Hutson, Diane Kinzie.

Interior Decoration and History of Art—Barbara Metcalf.

Home Economics—Margaret Ross. **Library Service**—Judith Godfrey.

Essays—Helen Costerus, Diana King, Esther Turnbull.

Slogan—Judith Livingston. **Poetry**—Joan Heise.

Perseverance—Jane Macaulay. **Dramatics**—Sheila Craig.

Co-operation in Residence—Frances Snetsinger.

PRIZES VOTED FOR

Best All Around Girl—Anne James.

Integrity—House, Jean Reid; Day, Elizabeth German.

Sportsmanship—House, Sally Spence; Day, Mary Craig.

Service—House, Josephine Williams; Day, Antoinette Echlin.

Loyalty—House, Catherine Shields; Day, Sheila Craig.

Perseverance—House, Grace Seaman; Day, Jane Hamilton.

Comradeship—Helen De Nike. **School Spirit**—Diana Windeyer.

MARGARET T. SCOTT MEMORIAL PRIZES

Memorizing of Scripture

Doris Badgley, Anne Croll, Alicia Eager, Lorene Piercey, Ailsa Reid, Jean Reid, Jean Roscoe, Grace Seaman, Esther Turnbull, Marilyn Webb.

MEDALS

Ruth Caven Memorial—Evelyn Howden.

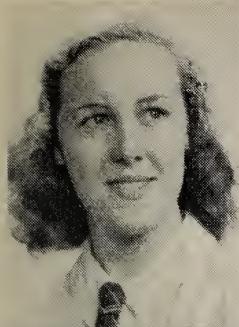
Scholarship, Form V—Anne Burton.

Governor-General's—Patricia Marlow.

Jean Hume Memorial—Anne James.

PREFECTS

Ann Armour—Vice-president of the B.K. Ann plans to enter dramatics at London next year. (Sideline—psychology at Western). Ambition—to play woman's part in a play.



Alma Hatch—Persevering President of B.K. "Bubs'" quick trips to Oakville, wowing Boston society, keep Branksome's athlete busy. Talents include tennis, track, badminton, basketball, etc.



Doris Badgely—Energetic president of Opheleo. Her pet expression is "Oh, conscience!" Will make hats while on duty in the nurses' residence at Kingston.



Joan Heise—Member of B.K. Spends her time out of Botany experimenting with fermented yeast. Desired future—Occupational Therapy at U. of T.



Valinda Burruss—Says there's no place like Trois Pistoles. Opheleo's stalwart treasurer claims her "life's a mess". Linda forever has open house; is B.H.S.'s hope for a scholarship.



Xandra Hosking—"Xanie" is crazy about horses. Occasionally has a blackie cocker as a guest. A good friend to all and full of fun. Future—*une autre nurse*.



Sally Dalton—Likes all sports (led 1st B.B. team, tennis and badminton champ, star swimmer, also manages to do "push-ups"). "Wee MacGregor" returns to G.B.C.—a law prospect!!



Evelyn Howden—Ross chieftain, captain of 2nd B.B. team. Her long NAVY blue sweaters are a familiar sight. "Hev" sets out on her quest for nursing in Greenland!



Winefride Drover—"Freddie" is a Bluenose contribution to Branksome. "Fooshing" off to the dentist, and playing bridge (especially at midnight) are her main occupations. It's Queen's next year!



Jessie Marriner—Maintenance of 1st B.B. team, regularly visited Summit this winter. Jess pines for N.S. fish and seaweed. Is our sporting sports editor.



PREFECTS



Sally McConnell — Enterprising editor-in-chief, on 1st B.B. team, terrific tennis player. Well informed on Timagami, Trinity, Toronto. (Scottish—a true Scotswoman—loves kilts!)



Joan Vipond — Member of B.K. You notice the sun-lamp glow, georgeous auburn tresses. Interests centred on certain fraternities, bridge and the "New Look". Headed for Varsity.



Judy Shoebottom — Secretary of Opheleo. "Shudy's" tenth and final year in boarding. She can hardly wait to get to University. A wonderful "Queen Victoria" with definite heart interest.



Jerry Weir — Active Campbell chieftain, tennis fiend, 1st team B.B. player. Leads a gay social life. Shares "Mac's" interest in Trinity and kilts! Claims fame at Gay Venture.



Shirley Brown — "Buster" appears to be quiet, but who knows? Enjoys tennis and all kinds of music. Ambition—to take a hostling trip across Canada. Future—nursing.



Nancy Blundell — Sub prefect. Small, lot of fun, is efficient advertising editor of the Slogan. Hobby is J. F. Outside interest—J. F. Favourite topic of conversation—J. F.



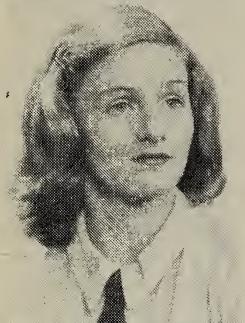
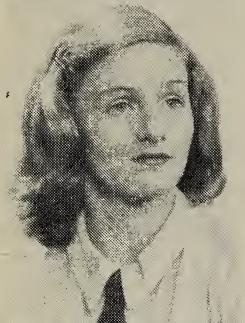
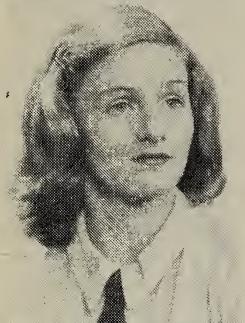
Jean Catto — Va's mathematical genius, is interested in riding, geometry, riding, algebra, riding, trig. Next year at Trinity in Honour Science and Mathematics.



Jean Bradely — Member of "Night Hawk Club". Has one ambition—to pass a Geometry test. Teased a lot about those "teners", has difficulty in finding stamps.



Marion Cornish — Sub-prefect. Butterscotch plus horses equals our "Cornie"—star boarder of the one and only "pink room". Enthusiastic collector of old Peruvian door-knobs. Destination—Phys. Ed. at McGill.

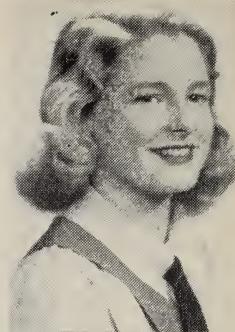


V ACADEMIC

Helen Cesterus — Sub-prefect. Member of Opheleos, was an eager prop in V's "Queen Victoria". Plans an industrious career in the school of nursing.



Joan Ellis — Sub-prefect. Scott's industrious leader has an unfathomable taste for egg-noggs and Corn Flakes; skis, swims and golfs—all exceptionally well. Future—engineering, chemical or marital.



Mary Beth Coutts — Quiet and demure, "Mame" converses readily on any topic concerning Mount Forest (especially cadet corps), although Galt is known home. Indefinite career at Western.



Grace Flavelle — Our own Sara Bernhart from "mighty" Vancouver. Actively interested in everything—from plumbing to singing "Begin the Beguine" for "Bubs". Headed for U.B.C.



Helen De Nike — Sub-prefect. Douglas chieftain, Library rep., staunch player of 1st B.B. team. Can be seen everywhere. You can't miss that infectious grin and friendliness. Destination—Psychology at Queen's.



Marjorie Flavelle — Giggles plus pearls equals "Pudgie". Note her gleaming hair. Member of B.K. who bathes monthly in full dress. Apprenticing at an undertaker's is probably destiny.



Luci Deck — President of I.S.C.F., our poetry champion hails from Australia, where she learned the fine art of P.T. Who is the interest at Jarvis?



Barbara Fleming — Barb, with her friendly dimple, is a great sport—especially famous in the skiing world. Interested in music. 1956 will probably see her at the Olympics!



Jean Dobbie — "Dob", from Victoria, B.C., is a fiend at the piano. Intends to be at Victoria College (B.C., that is!) next year. Interests—symphonies, writing to Andy.



Margaret Foulds — Loves tennis and badminton. Note that natural curl! A frequent question from Marg—"How do you do this Algebra?" Veteran of 11 years at B.H.S.



V ACADEMIC

Jeanne Garrow—President of Va, instigator of form play. Helps Evis rule the Rosses, feeds Dalton cookies. Likes sailing and skiing (wonderful skiing at Collingwood, they say!).



Naomi Inglis—McLean's chieftain, bulwark on 1st B.B. team. "Ne" dove and swam on swimming team. Our '48 debutante! famous for her curly !? hair and her skiing!



Ann Godsall—shows an avid interest in tracks with white rails. Loves music and animals (with dark eyes, dark curly hair . . .). Future—a bookee.



Barbara Keeler—Music, especially South American style! tennis, skiing (she's a whiz!), tall, dark, handsome . . . (guess who?) are Barbie's favourites. Future—Phys. Ed. at Varsity.



Peggy Hand—Member of the "Group of Seven" (visitors to IVb French classes). Likes badminton and rushing to Muskoka on week-ends. Future—a term at Port Credit High, then nursing.



Kathyne Keene—Member of B.K. Our Oakville blonde spent a most profitable summer in New York. "Keeney" is an accomplished diver, etc. Note her short kilt and her long legs!



Maida Harris—Our quieter sub-prefect was an angel in the pageant. Authority on China and Latin. Interested in swimming. Probable future is nursing.



Joan Langlois—Who's our "H.G."? Who's proud of her Western lineage? Who's known as Big Sulphur? Who persists in, "Kids, guess what?" basketball and tennis? Who? It's LUNGS!



Rosemary Hutchison—Spends all her spare time doing Spanish. Is very interested in Michigan University. Another tennis player and another prospect for nursing.



Ann Larmour—Otherwise known as "Voyageur" from Saskatoon. Always planning big week-ends. Biggest plans for her future—Queen's! Can be heard "beating it out" in Sherb.



V ACADEMIC

June McMullen—Member of the "Big Four" bridge club. You notice her deep voice and heavy correspondence with O.A.C. Knows everyone headed for P.H. and E. at Queen's.

Melba Rycroft—May be found now and then in Va. One of our Trig brains (?). Plans to take Pass Arts at Queen's.

Paula Mounce—From Newburgh (suburb of Napinee, that is!). Notice her dark hair, deep, dark eyes! Headed for nursing, seen in Va furiously finishing her French.

Grace Seaman—Opheleo member, "Grassy" sticks out her tongue while catching up on Caesar. Likes tennis, laughter, hates artichokes. Ambition is nursing. Destiny—first woman explorer of moon.

Eileen Murton—"Murt", chief paper "hander-out" in zoo, is always tired on Thursday. Ambition—to drive a car, play tennis. Loves badminton. Fascinating future at Varsity.

Carol Secord—Returned from Florida with the New Look in a dark shade. Interested in maths, modern music AND George.

Marilyn Nation—Just ask Marilyn how to fool the authorities in crossing the border. A Jamaica import who suffered bad repercussions from a winter of skiing.

Helen Sibbett—Champion bridge player and skater; likes knitting and other pastimes as well. Is heading for Trinity. Another favourite is Russ.

Pat Phair—You notice her French book in her hand. Her favourite animal—the horse in gym. Hobby is collecting coins from Vb. Good luck in dental nursing, Pat!

Ann Smith—"Andy", our Lauren Bacall, is active member of school life—particularly swimming, riding and skiing. Queen's and perhaps a law profession are the planned future.

V ACADEMIC



Sheila Smith—Vb's Latin genius claims she lost her knowledge of French between Montreal and Toronto. Favourite occupations—swimming and skiing. Most desired future is one of loafing—possibly St. Anne's.



Jean Wallace—“Wally”—5' 1” of vim and vigour—usually seen with a gleam in her eye, snippers in hand. Hobby is, Dicky birds! Destination—nursing!



Betty Southgate—B.K.'s illustrious secretary takes a lively interest in badminton and tennis. “South” returns to England for the summer and re-returns to Trinity. Has a recent past at Lake of Bays.



Harley Walters—Pastime is taking life as it comes and U.T.S. Pet aversions—answering history questions, skiing at 5 a.m. Probab future—taking life as it comes—and U.T.S.



Joan Spackman—St. Thomas's President of Vb, member of the Opheleo. Note: starry eyes and passion for mushrooms. Usually found losing “things”. Probable destination —“The Lady with the Lamp”.



Louise Walwyn—Our symphony rep. Her high-class tastes run to classical music and James Mason. “Weesy” is noted for her lovely blonde hair and sweet voice.



Muriel Joy Stewart—“Myrt” is kept busy as Vice-president of both I.S.C.F. and Opheleo. Interested in dramatics and badminton. Brilliant future in nursing.



Helen Wilkinson—Her trade marks: numerous hair-do's, “don't be a chicken”, bridge game, letters to “Spike”. Will model New Look on little farm.



Helen Stronach—Note her Florida tan. “Hes” loves basketball and swimming. Spends most of her time in York Mills. Ambition—to be a dietitian. Future—matrimony.



Norma Wood—Enthusiastic forward on 1st B.B. team. Note that gurgling giggle, that Ottawa stride. Ambition—to “curl the close crop” with a needle. Destiny awaits her at Western.

V COMMERCIAL

Peggie Bamford—Form treasurer, conspicuous for her absence (especially during the Lent Collection weeks). Blonde and freckled. Possible near future—marriage.



Pat Gillespie—Member of the B.K.—always anxious to help. Diplomatic relations with Great Britain have been difficult. Note her inability to decide Which One!



Caroline Benson—Redhead. How easily she manages always to have the wrong work done! Favourite occupation—hours on Saturday.



Evelyn Grant—From Jamaica. Note her friendliness and gorgeous shoes! Likes swimming in the salty sea sans swim suit. Future—air-line hostess for Pan-America.



Jane Echlin—Inability to be in the right place at the right time—weakness for Collingwood at week-ends—the other of the two.



Wanda Hutchings—Came to us from "Karsons" in Ottawa. Enthusiastic drummer, skier, rider, speller. Montreal—mostly what's in it. Wanda's whole existence is just "Scooper!"



Judy Echlin—Secretary of class. Which one of the two? Weakness for orange milk shakes. Dislikes sweeping floors. Future is uncertain.



Jane McPherson—Intellectual form President, seen showing that Ipana smile out loud. Weakness for the "Light of My Life" and Babe Austin. Future—Branksome's own Oima Wright.



Jill Etherington—Blonde bombshell from Burlington. Noted for THOSE eyes! Past—madly p'anning week-ends. Future—heeded F.O. Vogue School in Chicago.



Jean Morine—The thirteenth to join the class, yet far from least. Commercial's brain. You notice her weakness for second helpings.



V COMMERCIAL



Barbara Robinson — "Bobby" — our Boston cream pie — is noted for that cute smile and that sparkler. Often seen writing to and receiving letters from a certain someone — wonder who!



Dorothy Edwards — "Ah! kids, it's nighty-night time!" That's Dodie, who resides quietly in the Geranium Room. Noted for that shiny hair and good humour. Destination — Mac Hall.



Mary Stephens — Britain's contribution — "Stevie" is noted for her implied humour, weakness for butter tarts, and "navy blue". Will make an excellent doctor's wife.



Frances Fair — Will "Nanno" never stop chopping at those locks? If you're in doubt, ask Nanno where Ajax is. Future — most decidedly undecided.



Barbara Tobias — Not much of her, but what there is wastes no time. Shines in typing. "Toby" is apt to lose her appetite while in love.



Ann Fitzpatrick — Ann brings a bit of old Ireland to us. Loves to putter in pottery and hopes to grace the Art College. Interested in handicrafts and yellow convertibles.



Sally Beckett — Sally's active spirit brightens up V Special, especially on blue Mondays. Is enthusiastic about sports, particularly tennis. Ambition — to be able to eat during class. Future — catching burglars!



Beverley Galbraith — A quieter member of the class, from Willowdale, who excels in piano playing — especially "The Blue Room". Enjoys visiting around with her neighbours.



Francois Chaubert — Frannie is Switzerland's contribution to the development of culture at B.H.S. You notice THE accent, her hair and tennis. Destination — a chalet on an alp.



Barbara Gorman — Barb regales her friends in the party Monday morning with the weekend's activities. From what we've heard about her future, we hope she can cook!

V HOME ECONOMICS

Margaret Graham—A giggle during class from the far side of the room—that's Marg! Her secret ambition is to sit in closer range of Sally's marshmallows!

Jeanne Roscoe—Note that "northern accent" and aesthetic (?) taste. Ros says, "just an old northern custom". Ambition—to drive a Cadillac convertible. Future—implying humour at Cantab.

Janet Kingsburgh—"Yea, Navy!" Noted for that giggle, her knack of blushing. A wonderful cook, possessing a good nature. Destination—second mate on a destroyer.

Sylvia Thompson—"Foosh!" there goes Sylvia! Note the red hair and long legs. Can be seen hanging from rings in the gym at any time. Destination—unknown.

Joan Lindsay—Here to-day, gone to-morrow. Joan is one of our enthusiastic bridge players—but oh! that bidding! Plans to enter Shaw's.

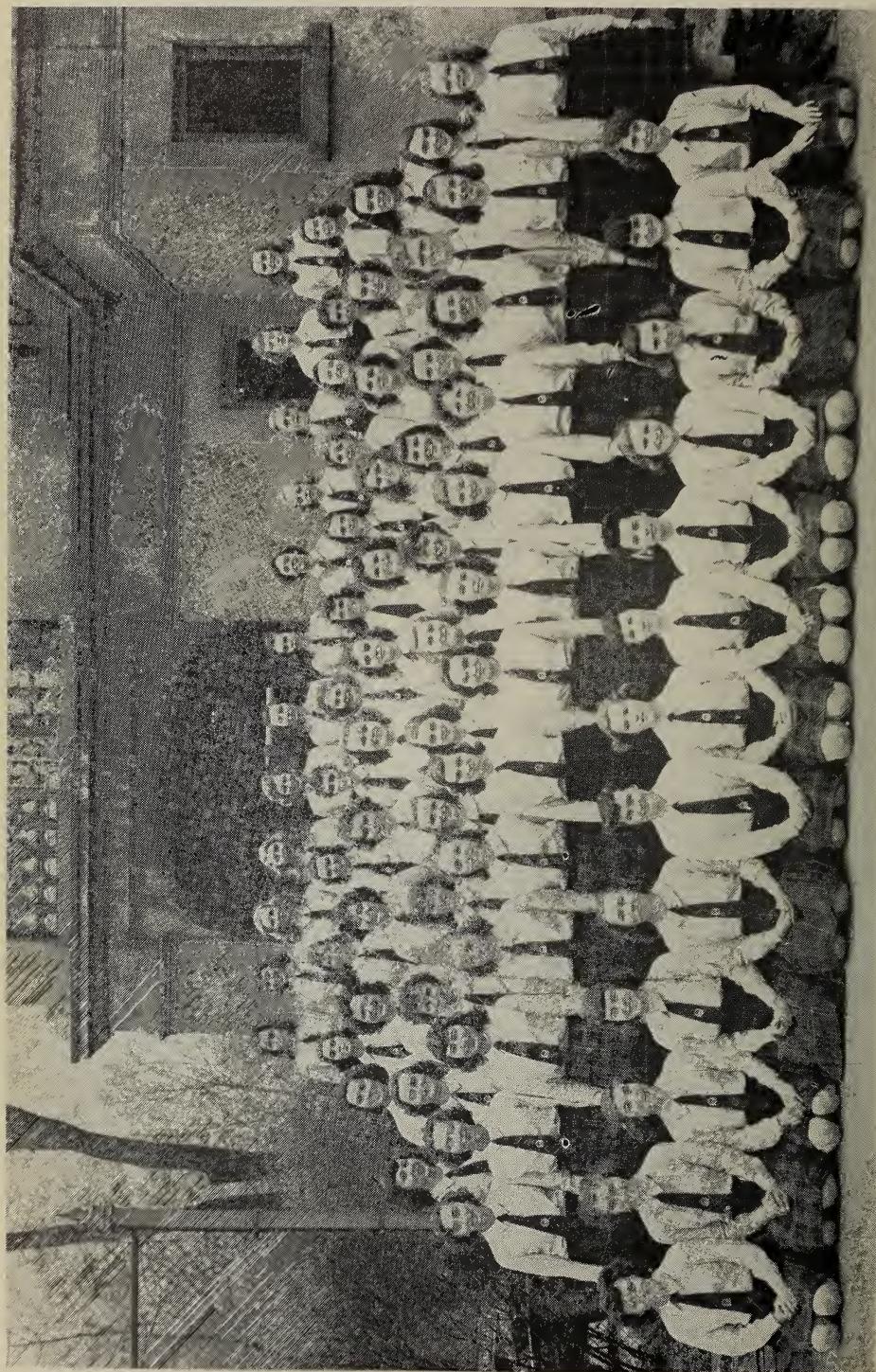
Diana Waddington—Quiet in her own way, but there no doubt she's around when she hears that model "T". Future—that's what we'd all like to know.

Charmian Philpott—"Chum" is class President, MacLeod chieftain, (2 minutes silence) member of B.K. Excels in wit and humour. Keeps calm at all times. Destination—an "ether" artist.

Jean Williams—"Willy" planned to raise golden Hampshires with Joey; has turned her affections to Barney, her dog. Knows all about plastering. Life calling still undecided.

Jean Robertson—"Jeanikins" lives on the 2nd floor with the other "J's". Note that southern drawl, red hair, and pin collection. Destination—Oakville. Ambition is to sleep!

Jocelyn Wright—Oh! that coiffure!! We're still dazed. Loves dogs (especially Bo), horses and golden Hampshires. V Special will long remember Joey's questioning mind.



FOURTH FORM GRADUATING CLASS

Front Row: P. Wilson, A. J. Buchan, M. Ritchie, A. Cooling, W. Muirhead, S. Bates, C. Cherry, M. Stinson, S. MacLean, J. Cantey, M. B. Bokke, P. McLaughlan, J. Patterson.

Second Row: H. Humphreys, E. Oaks, D. Hill, H. Hill, J. Taylor, M. Duran, J. Thompson, V. Davidge, M. McClellan, J. Macaulay, M. L. Lyons, A. Lowndes, H. Saylor.

Third Row: J. Capon, M. Robertson, V. Hearst, E. Greenwood, M. L. Edmonds, M. MacLean, J. Turnbull, M. Avery, M. Moeller, M. L. Porter.

Fourth Row: A. Blackwell, D. Johnson, C. Copsey, B. Lynch, B. Hodkinson, E. Mitchell, J. Trestrail, P. Hope-Ross, P. Warde, H. Seace, B. Hatch.

Fifth Row: M. A. Dixon, N. Grant, J. Barber, D. Griffin, N. Gammon, J. Atkinson, A. Croll, A. Eager, M. Buhner, M. Chisholm.

Sixth Row: E. Evans, B. Heise, M. MacMurray, J. Ritchie, J. Craib, J. Mills, F. Purdy, A. Reid, M. Mackenzie, A. Zimmermann, V. Leishman, N. Corbett.

Form News

From the scholastic aspect and in outside interests, this school year has met with rousing success. We got off to an active start with picnics up at Clansdale Heights. Each form went up on a different day, and all found beautiful autumn weather and wonderful fun at the farm. Later in the year, when snow covered the hills of Clansdale Heights, we went back on form ski-picnics.

In October, the hard-playing Form I captured the basketball cup. All forms were kept busy in clan competition—volley-ball, badminton, swimming, basketball, and bowling teams.

For many form members, dramatic interests came first. Play practices were an important part of their activities. After hard work and planning, each form presented a play. Form IV put on "A Miracle in Blaise" and "A Night at An Inn". "A Ghost Named Henry" and "The Perfect Gentleman" were presented by Form III. Form II gave us "The Little Father of the Wilderness" and "Belle", and Form I, "Scrambled Eggs" and "Babe Goes Dramatic". In all, worthy efforts were very successful.

Now an active and energetic school years ends and, looking back, we are brought clearly to the realization that we have had a ripping good time!



CLASS PRESIDENTS

Standing: C. Philpott, J. MacPherson.
Seated: J. Garrow, J. MacCaulay, P. Cole, J. Bradshaw, J. Spackman, M. McMurray,
M. A. Chisholm, S. Mair, J. Diblee, M. Wallace (absent).

The Clans

(Quite in keeping with our kilts and Gaelic yells, we at Branksome are divided into eight "clans", as most schools are divided into houses. A new girl coming to Branksome may express her preference for one of the following: Campbell, Douglas, MacAlpine, MacGregor, Maclean, MacLeod, Ross or Scott. The Slogan has been asked to print a short historical account of each of those Scottish clans which have been chosen as our patrons. Editors.)

The Campbells have played a great part in Highland history. They were the rivals and later the supplacers of the old Lords of the Isles. Many clan territories, such as the MacDonald, MacGregor, Lamont, Macnab, MacNaughtons and others, were gradually acquired by the Campbells. Through the numerous clan conflicts of the early Scottish history the Campbells always managed to be on the right side, either by sword or by diplomacy. More than once in history has that war song, "The Campbells are Coming," struck terror into the hearts of inconvenient rivals of the clan; for when the Campbells came they usually came to stay. The tartan we use at Branksome is the Campbell of Breadalbane, which is one of the three divisions of the clan, the other two being Campbell of Argyll and Campbell of Cawdor (Caldor). The crest of Campbell of Breadalbane is a boar's head; the present chieftain of this clan is 8th Earl.

The origin of the Douglas clan, one of the most powerful families in Scotland and rivals of Royalty, is unknown. A branch of the Douglas clan is called Douglas of Drumlanrig. The "Black Douglas" mentioned in history was the Good Sir James of Douglas, a great captain in the long War of the Succession. The hero of seventy fights, it is said that he won all but thirteen, so leaving the name of Black Douglas—suggested by his swarthy complexion. He was slain during one of the Crusades, carrying the heart of his royal master. The motto of the Douglas Arms is *Jamais arrière*—(Never behind). On the crest the bloody heart commemorates Bruce's dying request to the Good Sir James to carry his heart to the Holy Land; the three stars which both the Douglases and the Murrays bear in common seem to denote the descent of both from one ancestor.

The actual name of Alpine is derived from the Welsh. The ancestor of the clan is believed to be Kenneth MacAlpine. The clan itself has at all times claimed the distinction of being the noblest and most ancient of the Highland clans. The crest of the MacAlpines is a boar's head with the motto, "Remember the death of Alpin". This motto refers to the murder of King Alpin by Brudus after the Picts defeated the Scots in the year 834.

"Royal is my race" is the motto of the MacGregors, the senior of



CLAN CHIEFTAINS

N. Inglis (Maclean), J. Weir (Campbell), A. Zimmerman (MacAlpine), J. Ellis (Scott),
 C. Philpott (MacLeod), S. Dalton (MacGregor), H. De Nike (Douglas),
 E. Howden (Ross).

the Clan Alpin. The clan claims descent from Griogar, third son of King Alpin, king in the year 787. The neighbours of the Clan Gregor, the Campbell's, unlawfully obtained the land belonging to the Gregors. The latter then used forceful means to regain it, acquired a reputation for turbulence, robbery and disturbance of the peace of the country. By an Act of Parliament the clan was then forced to change its name. Many were chosen, but the one by which we now know it is the MacGregor Clan.

The motto of the Maclean clan is "Life or Death". The first of the clan of whom there is any authentic account is Gillean of the Battle-axe, named from his proverbial dexterity with that weapon, who lived during the reign of Alexander III. Most of the branches of the Clan Maclean now bear, as part of their armorial bearings, a battle-axe in memory of their famed ancestor.

The origin of the MacLeods is not very well known by historians, but they are believed to be descended from the Norse. According to the traditions of the Norse origin, the forefather of the MacLeod Clan was Leoid, son of the Black King of Man. The family seat of the clan is

Dunvegan Castle; it is a grand old place, combining the romance of the ninth century with the comfort of the twentieth; in it are preserved some of the most famous relics of the past.

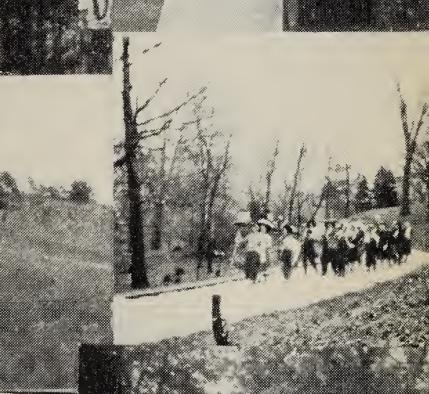
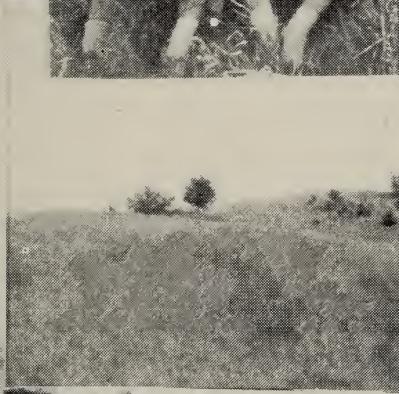
The Ross Clan takes its name from the province of Ross. The name in Gaelic is Clann Andrias. One account of the origin of this clan reports that it came from the Norsemen. The district of Ross was very frequently mentioned in Norse sagas along with other districts ruled by the Mormaors or Jarls. It was only upon the downfall of that powerful race that the Chiefs of Ross first appear in history. The badge of the Ross Clan is juniper, which in Gaelic is *aiteann*. The crest is a hand holding a garland of laurel.

The Scotts, one of the most powerful Border clans, take their name from the race who invaded Scotland in the early ages. The Scotts of Buccleuch (mentioned in Sir Walter Scott's "Lay of the Last Minstrel") and the Scotts of Balwearie were descended from Uchtredus filius Scotti, who witnessed charters between 1107 and 1128. Sir Michael Scott, a famous wizard, also mentioned in "The Lay", who died about 1200, was actually one of the most learned men of his time. Sir Walter Scott was himself a descendant of the Scotts of Harden. The war cry of this clan is "A Ballandean". The seat of the Scotts of Buccleuch was Branksome Castle, after which this school is named, in honour of the founder, Miss Scott.

Events of the Year

GATHERING OF THE CLANS

The first Friday in September, after the return to school, found sports activities off to a fast start. The eight clans gathered on Sherborne lawn for their first annual gathering and clan games. New girls began to feel at home leaping down the lawn tied up in a sack and trying to defeat contestants from the other seven clans. The complete MacGregor clan was to be found afterwards clustered about two enormous cakes which they won as first prize.



INSTALLATION OF PREFECTS

The annual installation of the prefects and officers of the school was held on Wednesday, October 22. Miss Read ratified the appointments of the sub-prefects and clan chieftains and, with a few words to each, installed individually the sixteen prefects and Joan Langlois as the head girl of the school. An explanation of the school standards to the parents, friends and new girls followed. The school flags were then placed in the four corners of the gymnasium. The school song effectively completed a very impressive ceremony.

That evening, the newly-appointed officers of the school were entertained at dinner by Miss Read. Toasts were proposed to the new boarders, the new prefects, the head girl and Miss Read. The dinner was a fitting climax to a memorable day.

THE CAROL SERVICE

The last Sunday of the Fall term was kept, appropriately enough, for the annual carol service. It was again held in St. Andrew's Church and, large as the church is, hardly another person could have found a



ARCHERY AT "READACRES"



BADMINTON TEAM

S. Dalton, A. Hatch, K. Keene, B. Southgate, N. Wood, F. Snetsinger.

seat. It encouraged us as we realized that there were few people who do not enjoy singing the carols.

The carols were selected from a wide choice; many of them were ones that we had known for years and which are sung Christmas after Christmas. But Miss LaVon had also gone to a great deal of trouble choosing ones that were not so well known, including a Czechoslovakian and French one, and I think that I can truthfully say that these new ones were included among the old favourites by the end of the term.

The service began with a cornet solo by Captain Parr from the back of the church. He played "Hark the Herald Angels Sing", a perfect beginning to the service. The processional carol was "Masters in This Hall" and the school, led by the prefects and the clan chieftains, came into the church on either side and met at the centre aisle. The singing of the carols was evenly distributed between the junior and the senior schools, some being in unison, some in parts and some sung by the two special choirs consisting of the 1st and 2nd forms in one and the Chapel and Choral Choirs in the other. Added to these, Miss Faver sang a solo which few of us will ever forget. I feel we owe a great deal of thanks

to Mr. Bales, who played the organ for us on the Sunday and also at the rehearsal.

The service ended as perfectly as it had begun, with the pageant produced by Madame Perry. In this we saw all the characters that we connect with the Christmas season. The scene was very simple, the shepherds and the wise men coming up to the Chancel steps while at the back stood the angels blowing their golden trumpets:

"Hark the herald angels sing,
Glory to the new born King."

ARCHERY

Aim low! Shoot! A Gold! Something similar to this might be heard by anyone passing by Sherborne lawn on a warm autumn afternoon of this year. In the spring term, however, archery moved to the new property. On either of these inviting lawns Branksome's kilted cupids assembled to practise the art of the bow. However, we aimed at no heart but at the bright yellow spot in the centre of the various coloured circles known as the "gold". Archery, one of the newer sports on our list, is growing in favour. Many beginners attended the instruction classes and the old-faithfuls turned up regularly for



the practise periods. The fall season was closed with an inter-clan archery tournament. A cup for the highest scoring archer was added last year to the list of sports prizes. It was carried off in 1947 by Anne Garland.



BASKETBALL

The first Friday evening in October, this year's first and second basketball teams played a friendly game with a last-minute team made up of form one to five years previous. The competition was good and the game was keenly played, with both the old girls and the present girls putting forth their best efforts. After the game



we all adjourned to the common room for chocolate milk and cake, and there old friendships were reviewed and new ones begun. Need we mention that the present girls won?

The inter-school basketball schedule was unfortunately much shortened this year. All the teams were very disappointed to learn that no return matches were to be played, although this did not dampen their spirit in the games that were played. The third team heaped glory upon itself by winning all its games. Congratulations are due to the captain; also the captains of the first and second teams. Some nice team work was especially noted among the second team guards.

The first and second teams made their annual trip to Whitby on December 15, supported on the sidelines by the third team. We regret to say that O.L.C. lost not only the game but also one of their gym lights. The Branksome teams will also remember the very delicious refreshments. O.L.C. arrived at

Branksome on January 19 for a return match, which was also won by the Branksome teams.

Clan basketball matches were played after the inter-school matches were finished, supported by the enthusiasm of the whole school. Basketball, too, is a special talent of the MacGregors and they defeated the Macleans only after several members of both teams were bodily carried off the floor. They became dizzy from watching the ball.

Third Team—Forwards: Frances Snetsinger (captain), Norma Webber, Priscilla Strand, Cathleen Cherry; Guards: Helen Seace, Muriel Ferguson, Pat Marriner, Eleanor Greenwood, Jane Capon.

Fourth Team — Forwards: Heather McPherson, Alison Roach, Mary Wilkinson, Shirley Mair, Jane Bradshaw, Claire McMullen; Guards: Alice Ann Russell (captain), Joan Mawhinney, Eve Cassells, Lyn Dibblee.

Bong, bong, bong,
Bong, bong, bong,
Bong, bong, bong,
Bong, bong, bong,
Midnight, by golly!

Little cuts from classes,
Little cards marked late,
Make the senior wonder
If she'll graduate.

BETA KAPPA

Hallowe'en—the night of ghost and goblin—was celebrated with great enthusiasm and even greater success. A masquerade party, to which everyone came as a nursery rhyme or fairy tale character, was highlighted by a truly hilarious skit performed by the staff and led by Miss Read herself. The costume competition was followed by square dancing and refreshments, which combined to make it a very enjoyable evening.

After many last-minute alarms we finally got Sherborne House decorated in the true Christmas fashion for the Fourth and Fifth Form dance—the Holly Hop—which was a great success.

Amid frequent balloon “poppings”, the scrapings of numerous step-ladders, noisy and confusedly shouted directions from everybody and nobody, there was slowly but surely emerging the product which was seen with great appreciation by all who attended our annual Branksome At Home last January the thirtieth. I think we'll all agree that the Beta Kappa did an exceptionally splendid job. The decorations this year



SECOND BASKETBALL TEAM

L. Deck, N. Gammon, H. Stronach, B. Fleming, E. Howden (Captain), V. Leishman, M. Binnie, A. Zimmerman, J. Gillanders.



We remember—Helen De-Nike: her unselfish team spirit and dependability. Jerry Weir: her effort and improvement. Alma Hatch: her quick thinking; infallible lay-up shots; her hard-felt hip. Norma Wood: her Ottawa training in her spectacular team work with Alma. Sally Dalton: Captain: her fighting fortitude; bullet-like passes; "Get those rebounds". Naomi Inglis: her height, endurance and experience. Sally McConnell: her interception and "purple" perseverance. Joan Langlois: her perfected pivot and bounce. Jessie Marriner: her endless energy and calm efficiency.

were in "ye olde Scottische" tradition, with six larger-than-life-size Scottish Highlanders looming tall and strong on several of the walls. Crossed swords above the gym door, clan standards, kilts and tam o'shanters all lent an impressive atmosphere in honour of dear old Scotland. And the balloons!—thousands of them, covering the ceiling, gave a particular festivity to the occasion. The dancing began promptly at nine o'clock to music under the most competent baton of Stanley St. John. Although much-appreciated punch was served for the duration of the dancing, we were all glad to receive at the end of the evening ice cream, delicious coffee and our Jeannie's "out of this world" chocolate cake.

During the Winter term we had a very successful Talent Night. Practically everyone who was stage-gifted in any way performed, entertaining the audience by means of the piano, flute, singing, dancing,

recitations and humorous skits. With so much talent in the school, as Miss Read has said, it is a pity that we have not had more Talent Nights.

The Strawberry Festival and Graduation Dance, which is to be held this year at the new house, are both yet to come. We hope that they will be successful and will wind up the Beta Kappa's activities for this year with a bang.

In closing, I would just like to say on behalf of the Beta Kappa that I hope you had as much fun at the dances as we had planning them at our "obstreperous" meetings.

DISRAELI

Though there is no official Dramatic Society at Branksome, there is a group of girls who are definitely interested in the drama. These girls worked for many weeks, on Monday evenings and Thursday afternoons, under the able and energetic coaching of Miss MacNeill and Miss Sime, and on February 27 they presented *Disraeli*.



SWIMMING TEAM

J. Ellis, W. Rogers, A. Sutherland, J. Archer, N. Inglis, M. L. Carnahan, S. Thompson, E. Cassels, C. McMullen, S. Dalton.



TENNIS TEAM — 1947

Standing: B. Southgate, A. Hatch, J. Bradshaw, J. Langlois.

Seated: H. McPherson, J. Binnie, P. Cole, S. McConnell, F. Snetsinger, S. Mair.

Excelling in the title role was Helen DeNike, whose performance as the clever, kindly statesman will long be remembered by the audience. In their supporting roles, Ann Armour as Viscount Deeford, Ann Cooling as Lady Beaconsfield, Mary Louise Edmonds as Lady Clarissa and Grace Flavelle as Mrs. Noel Travers turned in splendid performances. The rest of the cast as genteel young lords and ladies provided the necessary Victorian atmosphere. It was noticeable that to the seven ladies in the cast there were twelve gentlemen; very courageous in a female cast! Charmian Philpott as Potter, the gardener, deserves special credit for most spontaneous humour and a convincing country accent.

I.S.C.F.

During the past year the Fellowship has enjoyed weekly meetings at No. 16 Elm Avenue. Our meetings were held at noon to avoid clashes with afternoon sports. Each month we had two Bible studies, a missionary study, and a speaker. Among our speakers were Miss Read, Miss C. Nicoll, Miss M. Fish, Mrs. Harris, Miss G. Murray, Miss LaVon Doherty and Dr. Northcote Deck. Beside our weekly meetings we had a Fall picnic up at Clansdale Heights and a party in January. We are looking forward to another picnic this spring.

THE OPHELEO

This year we of the Opheleo would like to extend our most sincere thanks to all the staff and girls for the wonderful co-operation which we have received from them in our various campaigns. We are also very grateful to the four missionaries who so kindly brought us movies of the Belgian Congo, Ecuador, China and India during our Lenten collection. In addition to our usual contributions to the continents and our Ramabai week collection for India, we also sent donations to the Canadian Indian Hospital in Manitoba and the Save the Children Fund. We hope that in the future the Opheleo will continue to meet with co-operation and success in order that it may carry on its work of aiding people in all parts of the world.

TREASURER'S REPORT:

Cash Received:

Ramabai Week	\$ 257.70
Community Chest	203.00
Carol Service	301.50
Lenten Collections	315.41

Cash Paid Out:

Ramabai Mission	\$ 200.00
Shalini, Indian orphan	50.00
Community Chest	203.00
Nathaniel Institute	25.00
Merchant Marine	25.00
Shantymen's Christian Association	25.00
Salvation Army	25.00
Overseas Postage	100.00
Expenses	101.50
Africa	25.00
Ludhiana Hospital	50.00
Clarabai, Indian teacher	75.00
Canadian Indian Hospital	25.00
Belgium	10.00
South America	50.00
China	25.00
Save the Children Fund	50.00

	\$1,064.50
Balance on hand	13.11

	\$1,077.61

In June we expect to collect as usual \$100 for underprivileged children.

VALINDA BURRUSS,
Treasurer.

SWIMMING

The first term started Branksome off with a bang when the great inter-clan swimming meet was held. Fun was had by both the spectators and the daredevils. They had everything from three-legged races and three-armed races to potato and spoon races. The Scott clan swam to victory for the third consecutive year. During October and November, senior Red Cross swimming classes were held twice a week. The girls participating were examined by a Red Cross examiner and an extremely good showing was made by the class. Twenty girls received certificates and pins. Several girls tried their Red Cross instructor's test this year at the U.T.S. swimming pool and all were successful. Some girls took classes in the Royal Life Saving bronze medalion and silver award of merit.

On February 13th, our hard-working team was off to Bishop Strachan School to a swimming meet in which B.S.S., Havergal, St. Clement's and Branksome took part. The team was cheered on by Branksome's spectators to take third place. The score was added to by Wendy Rogers, Eve Cassels and Sally Dalton placing first, second and third in the junior, intermediate and senior diving, respectively. Ann Sutherland swam herself to third place in the intermediate back crawl for style, while Naomi Inglis swam the senior breast stroke for style to tie for first place.



On April 15 the sides of Branksome's pool were filled to overflowing with eager Branksomites when the Ontario Ladies' College came down to swim against our team.

During April, Miss Read announced that a cup had been donated to the school for the diving championship. The swimming and diving championship contests have not yet taken place but will be keenly contested when they do.

Curious fly,
Vinegar jug,
Slippery edge,
Pickled bug.

SKIING AND SKATING

Great enthusiasm was shown this year in the Saturday and week-end excursions up to Clansdale Heights. We are certainly very lucky in having our farm

late afternoon a weary but happy crowd, having struggled up the last hill, would flop into the awaiting buses for the ride homeward.

As many week-ends as possible, a group of girls went up to the



adjoining the Summit property, as this enables us unlimited use of this vast skiing terrain.

Practically every Saturday

farm for Saturday night, coming home Sunday afternoon. These week-end excursions were much looked forward to by all and wait-



morning, buses left the school loaded with skiing enthusiasts to spend the day at the farm. After lunch everyone was off to the slopes, winding down through beautiful Silver Birch Trail for four hours of wonderful skiing. Then in the

ing lists were the order of the day.

As the valley from the main lodge over to Snow Flake Valley was lit at night, it provided wonderful skiing by moonlight (and electric light) after supper.

As skating this year did not come out of school time, it was decided that each form could afford the time to have a "winter picnic" up at the school farm. This was done with great success and gave us the complete Summit property practically all to ourselves for an afternoon. There are rumours of a clan skiing meet for next year which should prove a great deal of fun for both beginners and the more experienced. So, first thing next season—let's all get out and practise!

This year, Branksome had the outdoor rink at Varsity. There was skating throughout the week, much to the joy of the skaters. Instruction for both seniors and juniors was given twice a week. Having a much larger rink and its being outdoors seemed to draw more skaters. Skating was a big success this year.

BADMINTON AND BOWLING

This year at St. Paul's, Branksome, represented by Helen De-Nike and Muriel Ferguson, took top honours in bowling, with Havergal pushing second. In the badminton, Havergal came first with a score of 8 and B.S.S. and Branksome were not far behind with their respective scores—7 and 6. The badminton team is to be specially congratulated as it is the first year on the team for nearly all players. A tournament was also played for the school cups. Alma Hatch gained the singles cup, with Katherine Keene

as runner-up, while Sally Dalton and Frances Snetsinger won the school doubles. Clan badminton and bowling were keenly contested. MacGregor, Campbell and Ross placed respectively in the badminton, and the Douglas clan won a decisive victory in the bowling alleys, followed by Maclean and Ross.

TENNIS

Branksome was lucky last autumn in having Mrs. Swanick and Mrs. Dewhurst—two English professionals—come to give lessons to would-be tennis players. The courts this spring are more than ever in demand by the enthusiasts eager to show off their new powers in the game. Practising is well under way for the school championships as well as for the tennis team. Last year saw many thrilling sets before the outcome became definite: Willa Birks was singles champion and Sally Dalton and Alma Hatch were doubles winners. Branksome sent a strong team to the tennis meet last year and, although defeated by Havergal College, it showed an indomitable spirit. We are looking forward to this year's meet.

VOLLEYBALL AND SOFTBALL

Volleyball at Branksome Hall is not played on a large scale. Because we are very lucky in having so many sports in which to participate, there has been only one attempt to organize an inter-

school volleyball tournament, and in the last few years there has been no time for a similar undertaking.

The clan tournament is always a great deal of fun, however, and the games are enjoyed very much



by all those who play, and it is hoped that we shall be able to take a more active interest in volleyball in the years to come.

The inter-house soft-ball competition is one of the events of the Spring term. This year it was played on a cool and showery April

day, the Sherborne and Senior Main House girls winning the laurels.

SPORTS DAY

When the kilts were flung to the ground, the jumping pits dug and the shot-put ring marked, it was a sure sign the Sports Day was here! Yes, Sports Day — the day for which many enthusiastic Branksomites had worked and practised long hours to try their skills at the wide variety of events. From the keen competition in the 1947 meet, Leonette Baldwin and Alma Hatch emerged with the coveted Intermediate and Senior Championships.

The 1948 Sports Day is now in sight and it seems as though there will be a great many eager contestants competing for the much-desired awards.





MAKING NEW PLAYING-FIELDS





CREATIVE EFFORTS

A PLAN TOO PERFECT

Mr. Daley sat at his office desk, staring at a picture of his wife, Janet. His fingers drummed the surface of his desk nervously as his mind wandered back over the events of the morning.

This was it—the perfect murder. He was sure of that. He went back carefully over his plans. His thoughts shied away from recalling the inert body of his wife lying on the kitchen floor where he had left her. He had planned his crime for weeks, and finally put it into action. Nothing could go wrong and he would be rid of Janet forever. Sweet, loving Janet—how carefully he had planned her death! The wiring of the telephone had been completed for days. He had studied the fixtures and wired the telephone so that the whole first floor of the house would explode when the 'phone rang. Everything was completed but the final wire, which was to be connected before he left for the office that day. That morning he had killed his wife; crushed her skull with a heavy candlestick. He recalled with a shudder stumbling back into a table as he saw her face staring up at him. Then he had collected his wits; care-

fully locked each door, connected the last wire of the telephone, and quickly leaving the house, had hurried to the office.

He summed it all up in his mind; if someone knocked at the door, no one would answer, and no one could enter the house to find the body. But the first time the telephone rang, a section of the house would explode, destroying all evidence of his crime. Defective wiring would be blamed for the explosion, and no one would ever suspect him.

He rubbed his hands in satisfaction and then pressed a button at his elbow. Why not do the job himself?

His efficient secretary, Miss Roberts, entered and inquired, "Did you ring, sir?"

"Yes, get Mrs. Daley on the phone, will you please," he answered gruffly.

"At once, sir." She left the office and he waited tensely.

Miss Roberts re-entered. "I'm sorry, Mr. Daley, the line is busy. Shall I call again?"

Busy! The man was stunned. The line could not be busy. Could it be possible that the body had been discovered? Even now they might be calling his office! He suddenly remembered knocking the table over. Of course! The telephone had been on that table. He had knocked the receiver off, then. He tried to regain his composure.

"Shall I try again, sir?" The voice of his secretary came to him again.

"Oh yes. Yes. Try again in about twenty minutes." That would give him time to get home and back to the office again.

After Miss Roberts left, Mr. Daley caught up his hat and coat and left the office by the back way, thus making sure no one saw him leave. He reached his home in a few minutes, walking swiftly and keeping his eyes lowered. He felt certain everyone he passed pointed an accusing finger at him; he had never thought his conscience would bother him.

He fumbled with his key and unlocked the door. Going straight to the kitchen, he did not glance at the body of his wife, but went directly to the telephone and replaced the receiver. Stepping carefully around the body of his victim, he picked up a candlestick from the floor and went to the sink with it. He washed the blood from it and placed it on the table beside the phone.

Just then the doorbell rang. He froze in his tracks. He could not answer the door; no one was to know he had left the office. Again the bell rang. There was nothing he could do but wait. The bell rang impatiently a third time, and then he heard retreating footsteps. With a

deep sigh of relief, he started across the room. He found his gaze drawn to the face of his dead wife. He paused.

At this precise moment the efficient Miss Roberts again dialed the home of Mr. Daley, her employer.

This time the line was not busy.

MARIAN WALLACE, IIIB.

CREATION

What is this world?
 Flaming mass of substance
 Twisting forever 'mid a myriad of spheres,
 Whirling down the vast uncharted mists of time.

What is this earth?
 Object of God's love
 Flung in space for all the silence of eternity,
 Revolving, unceasing, through known paths of the universe.

What is God?
 Infinity, Perfection, Life,
 Eternal Ruler of Time and the Universe,
 Set a million worlds beyond all grasp of circumstance.

God is Creation.
 He is Supreme, Sublime, Eternal,
 His is our tiny world, our little earth,
 We are but a fragment of His creation and a figment of His love.

CHARMIAN PHILPOTT,
 Form V Special.

OCTOBER IN ONTARIO

"In autumn, when the leaves are brown,
 Take pen and ink and write it down."

I am going to take Humpty Dumpty's advice to Alice in *Through the Looking Glass*.

The sun was gradually rising, etching the hills black against the

pale pink eastern sky, visible only through the turbulent mist as I stood on the edge of the crystal clear lake. My shoulders shuddered from the damp, nipping air as I heard the rustling of the fallen leaves and the waking songs of the chattering birds.

Looking over my shoulder, I could see that the first rays of the autumn sun touched the crest of the hills reflecting the gaudy reds and oranges of autumn colours. As I watched, the rays climbed down the hills, making them look like a football stadium on a cold day.

The leaves began to crackle as the sun hit the lake, causing the mist to break, soar up, gather and blow away like clouds in an angry sky.

Just below me I could see a family of deer coming down to water before the rest of the forest life could arrive. The fawns romped and played on the sandy beach not far from the protection of their mother.

As the mist rose slowly, cutting off my vista that with its beauty had almost hypnotized me, I turned back to my campfire thinking that another new day had been born—full of beauty and life.

NAOMI INGLIS, VB.



Wee MacGregor Was Here !!!

SUNLIGHT AND SOMBREROS

The day was sunny and bright; one of those late August days in Wyoming when the sky is a heavenly blue and the majestic Bighorn Mountains rise above the prairie enshrouded at their snow-capped peaks by a silver haze. The prairies and foot-hills were parched to a delicate reddish-brown which contrasted delightfully with the last of the purple lupins and sweet-smelling sage bush. Here and there a band of wild horses grazed, sometimes kicking and nipping at each other; their bodies, well rounded by July's succulent hay and alfalfa, flashed crimson and golden in the sun.

The town of Sheridan was abuzz on this morning of mornings. The annual rodeo was commencing to take shape in the form of a parade, bazaar and wild-west show, all in one. It was the day when owners of the top breeding and racing stables brought their choicest animals to compete for the state's biggest stake races, cow-cutting, "bull-dogging" and bronco riding classes. The wagons and vans representing their different ranches were lining up, their gaudy colours making a fringe around the fair grounds.

The town seethed with Indians --Cheyennes, Blackfeet and Crows from the neighbouring reservations. Their swarthy faces contrasted with their gay shawls, blankets and beaded accessories. Many a Blackfoot chief had turned



out in his traditional feathered headdress, his expressionless countenance glistening with war paint. His squaw walked behind him, her beady black eyes never ceasing to dart hither and yon in rhythm with her short, light footsteps. The squaws often carried a tiny papoose on the back or hips, his beady eyes peering inquisitorily out of his little doe-skin case.

On the steps of Bison Bar, or in congenial groups straddling the corral gates, the makers and shapers of the Great West draped themselves--the cowboys. Most of them were long and lanky, broad-shouldered and sun-tanned. Wide sombreros and "ten-galloners" were creased and pulled well forward to shield their eyes from the sun. Tanned necks and arms protruded from their best festive shirts of gay colours. Their age-old boots and jingling silver spurs, caked with mud and manure, showed beneath each pair of blue-jeaned legs. One of the boys produced a banjo and sat strumming

it and singing in a rich untrained voice while his admiring cronies listened. His straw sombrero was tilted back and he looked up at the sun as though singing a hymn to it for the mere joy of living. His tanned face broke into a broad smile, lighting his deep blue eyes that rivalled the sky's azure hues, as his comrades bellowed the choruses to his songs with all the vigor and heartiness of the young and free.

A laughing, jovial fellow made himself the centre of attention on the porch of the inn, where he stood waiting for a parade. He was a familiar, amusing, yet rather pathetic figure to all around him—the dude tenderfoot. His over-festive cowboy suit, embroidered lavishly with red and yellow flowers, and his ten-gallon hat were hardly suited to his pudgy form. He was bubbling over with wild and wonderful tales of "Injuns" and "bronses", his pink face a study of confused merriment, like a small child who knows he has the grown-ups' attention.

Thus the Western town prepared for the big day.

DIANA KING, II-A.

McDUFF

McDuff, he was teddy bear,
Of slightly portly girth;
Who got a very dreadful scare
When crossing o'er the firth.

His craft was but a rowboat,
And the waves like mountains
seemed;

How could he coax the ship to float
When winds against him teamed?

"Where can the shore have dis-
appeared?"

Our perplexed bear was heard to
moan,
As through the mist he vainly
peered

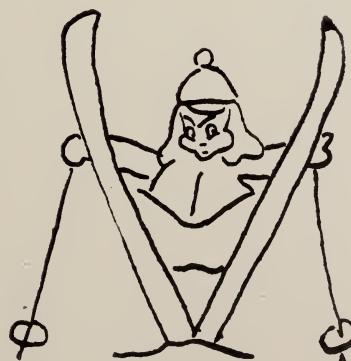
In search of land to call his own.

At last our brave bear heaved a
sigh,

For there beneath his tubby form
The good strong earth did firmly
lie,
Safe refuge from a wayward
storm.

McDuff, he was a teddy bear,
Of slightly portly girth,
Who got a very dreadful scare
When crossing o'er the firth.

JENNIFER JONES, I-A.



THE FIRST ADVENTURE

At seven fifteen on the morning of Tuesday, June the twenty-first, Bobby Dickens quietly but firmly closed the front door, wriggled into his shoes and started down the path to the green gate. His most prized, though perhaps not his most useful, possessions were tucked securely under his right arm in a scuffed black box. In his left hand he carried a white package marked "breakable". He should have delivered the package the day before, but he had forgotten, and now his conscience told him to respect his mother's wish even if he were running away from her.

From his house it was only two miles to his aunt's small farm (that is if you cut through Lawyer Corner's property, jumped the creek and managed to get over the big stone wall at the south end of the meadow). Bobby was certain that he could manage all that. Obstacles however large seemed as insignificant to him as they become to old people, and his heart thumped excitedly at thoughts of what he might encounter on his first real adventure.

He would see that the package was given to his aunt; this would be done secretly and safely by a scout, this scout being, of course, Nina, the young cockney housekeeper.

Then, freedom! The whole world to explore. He could go east, west, north, anywhere at all, be anything and everything he wanted.

So Bobby Dickens began his first adventure. As he started along the old road that twisted through the meadows he whistled. His blood pounded wildly through his veins—it was not that he was unhappy at home, but a boy had to become a man some time, and—well, see things for himself and find out what they mean.

Bobby knew the road well; many times in the last two of his seven years his feet had scampered or plodded or skipped or dragged over it, depending on his mood. Now he walked steadily, looking ahead most of the time, not stopping to watch a cricket jump on to the toe of his shoe, or to shake the nimble young cedars to see how gently their feathery tops rocked. He did not hear the scratching sounds the squirrels made as they scurried down the black trees. He did not see a lone lark soar effortlessly into the sky, far above his head.

His mind belonged to circuses, to open-topped buses, to ships as large as cities and to shops where anything could be bought for a penny.

He came to the funny little fence that wound not too defiantly about Lawyer Corner's garden. Bobby knew its weak spots and he knew where its holes were. Usually he crawled through one of these, but to-day he had on his good suit and he decided that if the world was to see him at his best, he had better climb over.

There was a fountain in the centre of the grounds which had always fascinated Bobby. Below the marble goddess, whose hair was a continuous stream of water, tiny brightly coloured fish swam gracefully among their more awkward companions, the frogs. Bobby stopped. He stepped on to the base of the fountain and, by straining his slender body from the tip of his toes to his neck, he was able to reach over and touch with his outstretched hand the feet of the marble goddess. She was smiling at him, but then he thought, "She always smiles". He wondered if perhaps at night, when the blackness fell about her, the corners of her mouth turned down and her hair stopped flowing. He wished he knew for sure. He poked at the fish and the frogs for a while and started on his way once more.

He walked slowly past the brilliant beds of flowers, and he thought that when he was a big man, really strong, he would come back to take the fountain away; Lawyer Corner was a very kind and rich man;



Bobby did not think he would miss it. Besides he was terribly old and would probably die soon, and then who would look after the goddess?

Ominous clouds suddenly gathered, thickened and hovered over Bobby's black head, but it was not until the first drop of water bounced on his ear that he noticed them. At first he was alarmed at the idea of a thunder storm overtaking him, but his fear was swept away by the thrilling anticipation of battling the elements by himself — one man against all nature's wrath!

The rain came down, lightly, making a murmuring sound while the sky thrust darkness upon the earth. Not until Bobby reached the tiny creek did he realize how cold he was. A wind had sprung up and it seemed to jump out at him from every direction.

He tried to hurry more. He decided he could rest and get dry in his aunt's barn; she need never know he was there.

He looked for the little row of stepping stones that trailed across the stream; they were hidden by the jostling, tempestuous water. Bobby stopped and watched, fascinated and shivering. He had never seen this frothing mass before; the creek he had known was serene and deep with a sunny brown bottom.

Somehow he had to get across that raging torrent and there seemed to be no other way except to wade. Already his clothes were clinging to him, sucking at his skin. He floundered and fell and the rushing water splashed over him, but the river was narrow and soon he was clambering up the steep bank on the other side, feet sliding and sinking in oozy mud, hands grasping at pieces of brush.

At the top he stopped for breath, and a long uncontrollable shudder shook him.

With the wind slashing his back like a whip, he tried to run across the open field. Ahead was the big stone wall and, beyond it, his aunt's farm.

He tried whistling, but the rain and the wind and the thunder killed the sounds before they left his lips. The soft grass, trying to flee from the storm, thrust itself forward at Bobby's feet. A million stinging drops swept hot tears down his cheeks.

His head was bowed, and he was almost at the wall before he saw it. The old box he had been grasping so tightly was squashed and a lump came suddenly to his throat as he thought of the little brown monkey who was wet and miserable inside.

With a great effort, he climbed into the crotch of the gnarled apple tree which grew against the wall; once there, he could just reach the top. He put his aunt's breakable package carefully, if shakily, on

the ledge and slid down the trunk to pick up his own treasures. His hands were cut from the rough bark, but he did not know it. When at last he reached the top of the wall himself, he lay there, still and panting, unable to think or to feel for some minutes.

Then, summoning all his remaining strength, Bobby began to lower himself. He struggled to find the hole into which his foot would fit and support him while he got whatever he had left on top. This time he could not find the hole. His arms ached and a peculiar feeling came over him. He tried to fight against it, but he became very weak and very warm, and then he fell to the ground.

When Bobby Dickens awoke, he saw his aunt's kind face and heard Butch's tail thumping beside him.

"He left the horses so he could look after you to-night," she said.

"I bet they wonder where he is," whispered Bobby, his gray eyes turned questioningly towards the barn.

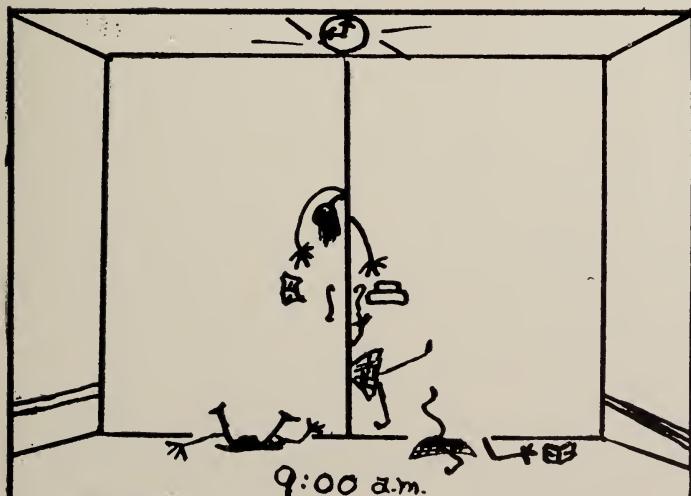
His aunt put a cool hand on his brow and smoothed the black curls back.

"To-morrow your mommy's coming over, Bobby, to take you home."

He smiled and closed his eyes.

"I haven't seen her for such a long time."

ANNA GODSALL, VB.



THE ROCK

A wind-swept rock;
Just a piece of land stretching
Beyond the limit of the usual
boundary.
An ancient monument,
Carved by the keen blade of winter
gales,

That the waters may pound,
And the winds roar,
And the rains fall,
And the sun shine;
But all these things together
Cannot harm the flowers,
Or the rock.

GRACE FLABELLE, V-A.



And the year-round pounding of
the sea.
Northward stand the mountains,
Snow-capped, cold and brilliant
Even in the summer sun—
Things of majesty and grace.
But see the rock.
In the sheltered crevices
The shallow earth
(A mean and frugal saving of the
years),
Has borne her children—
Erupted slowly and painfully
A few tender stems
With red and yellow heads,
And has nourished them with
care

FACTS ABOUT FLOWERS

Oh, plants, they may be pretty
things,
But, oh! the names they've got!
They have a language all their own
That we take up in Bot.

We hear of xylem, and of phloem,
Of flowers smooth and lacy;
Of carpels, bracts, and pedicels,
And scrophulariaceae;
We study stamens, roots and seeds,
And fruits that are quite tasty;
The love-life of a pollen grain,
And all the Liliaceae.

And now, whenever I see a rose,
I can't just sniff its essence;
Instead, I must pull off its leaves,
And learn its inflorescence.

J. HEISE, V-A.

THE CHEMISTRY LAB.

Up in the Chem. Lab.,
On the third floor,
The air seems to hit you
As you come in the door.



“ ‘TIS THE FAR COOLINS”

I wear the kilt.
I dance the fling.
I thrill to hear
The bagpipes sing.
I smell the heather.
Of haggis I dream,
I eat my porridge
Without the cream.
I study Scott.
I read B. Burns.
My heart to
Highland country yearns.
I hoard my money.
McLean's my clan.
But still I be—
An Irishman!!!

SALLY McCONNELL, V-B.

A mixture of acetic
And bromthymol blue,
Such substances Pastuer,
I'm sure, never knew.
The test-tubes we've broken!
The sulphuric we've spilt!
My tie is in flames,
There are holes in my kilt.
That extra window
On the south wall
Just isn't meant
To be there at all.
But one star student,
In a moment of glee,
Dumped explosives together—
Oh, woe, Chemistry!

A. J. BUCHAN, IV-A.

FORGET IT

When someone hasn't played the game,
And you have had to take the blame,
Don't turn around and do the same,
Forget it;

When trouble comes to you one day,
You cannot cure or drive away,
Don't let it fill you with dismay,
Forget it;

That frown you have for things awry,
That rainy day or cloudy sky,
Don't stand around and whine and sigh,
Forget it;

You'll be surprised to find it's true,
Misfortune soon fades out of view
And disappears, if only you
Forget it.

A. J. BUCHAN, IV-A.

ROYAL WEDDING

The wedding bells are pealing
In London far away,
Yet over miles of ocean
They're pealing here to-day.

Chimes from the ancient Abbey,
The masses' gusty cheer,
They're heard by humble farmer,
They're heard by palace peer.



'Midst all the strikes and sorrow,
And strifes that will not cease,
These bells peal joy and gladness
A prayer for perfect peace.

The wedding bells are pealing
In London far away;
And wedding bells are pealing
In all our hearts to-day.

J. HEISE, V-A.

Softly and quietly falls the snow,
Spreading a blanket of white below.
Like feathers from heaven, it
floats to the ground,
Lazily falling without any sound.

Dark pines erect 'neath the blue dome of night,
How ghostly they look in their coating of white!
Like violin strings, branches reach to the sky,
And the wind plucks muted a lullaby.

JUDY WADDINGTON,

Form I.

THE RED CANOE

The trees are a living flame each side,
The river a haunting blue,
And silver clouds and silver mist,
And shining silver dew
Go floating past, are fading fast
Behind my red canoe.

LUCY DECK, VA.

GLAMOROUS BRANKSOME

Thursday morn,
Straggly hair,
Kilt is torn,
Don't care!

Friday morn,
Curly hair,
Kilt still torn,
But we're getting there!

Friday night,
Gorgeous gown,
Brilliant sight,
Talk of the town!

Monday morn,
Straggly hair,
Kilt is torn,
Don't care!

BETTY SOUTHGATE, V-B.

LA MAUVAISE HUMEUR

J'ai la peur,
La grande terreur
Quand je regarde ma face.
Mes joues sont énormes,
De très grande forme;
Elles sont gonflés-hélas!
Mal au cou
Et douloureux
Je cris et puis je pleure.
Je ne peux pas,
Je ne veux pas
Avoir mauvaise humeur.*

*mumps!!!

Author's note — When this inspiration was written there were four friends stricken with "mauvaise humeur", two had recovered and twenty were constantly feeling the vicinity of the glands.

SALLY McCONNELL, V-B.

The prospect of "hours" is fiendishly grim,
And the prospect of missing them terribly slim.
For if you should miss one appointed to you
The next week you'll find it has grown into two!

A. ZIMMERMAN, IVA.

Instead of calling the house girls "boarders", it has been suggested that they be known as **"borderers". We know that the days girls will approve. *Borderers—the dwellers (usually robbers and freebooters) on the borders of Scotland and England.

OF COURTESY

The dictionary defines courtesy as polite behaviour, kind conduct, an act of consideration, and as kindness; but these meanings are only the upper surface of the word's deeper sense. Polite behaviour is more than obeying the ordinary rules of good society, or exercising perfect manners; it is the delicate, thoughtful act which is very much appreciated and yet so often overlooked. Kind conduct is being as helpful and as co-operative with those with whom we are brought in contact, as we can, rather than adopting a diffident or difficult attitude when things do not go our way. Acts of consideration are the little seemingly unimportant things which mean very much when accomplished. Someone once said, "Anyone can do the kindest thing for another person, but it takes a wise man to do the kindest thing in the kindest way."

The whole principle of courtesy is to put others first, and to consider the rights of other people. Courtesy is the rule by which many things are governed, including the accepted manners at the table and our daily morning toilette. These ordinary and natural procedures are the result of the courteous wish not to offend others by unpleasant sights. Thus almost unconsciously our whole existence is filled with small, seemingly insignificant acts, which are for the benefit of those around us. Courtesy cannot and will not be overlooked, and plays a large role in the life of everyone, even of most who try to ignore its existence.

Courtesy is really only thoughtfulness and consideration for other people. The whole meaning of courtesy might be summed up in this one quotation from the Bible. It is found in the Gospel according to St. Matthew, chapter 7, verse 12: "Therefore all things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them, for this is the law and prophets".

JENNIFER JONES, 1A.

DAY DREAMER

(With apologies to Stephen Foster)

Beautiful dreamer, wake unto me,
 School books and teachers are waiting for thee;
 Sounds of the school world heard in your dreams
 Are here in reality, strange as it seems.
 Force open those eyelids! Up with that head!
 "An hour on Saturday!" Is that what she said?

HEATHER McPHERSON,
 IIA.

TRINIDAD

The bluish-green sea which surrounds the island; the breakers rolling up the sandy beaches; the bright, hot, sunny days in the country: that is what I see when I look back to Trinidad, the land of tropical splendour and beauty. That is what I think of when people say, "Where do you come from?" and I answer, "Trinidad".

Now that you know my state of mind, I think that I should begin by telling you what I mean by tropical splendour and beauty. When you see a row of royal palms or coconut trees silhouetted against an orange and blue sky; when all around in the sky even the clouds are glowing a bright orange against the pale blue evening sky; when again you see the palms on a sandy beach with the big, round tropical moon shining down on them; you realize that it really is one of the most beautiful places on earth.

Also, I said that I thought of the bluish-green sea which surrounds the island. My mind always goes back to a spot on the north coast where the sea seems to be made of diamonds, and big rollers come in like white horses from the deep. Then at night there is the peaceful sound of the waves gently lapping at the dock, which drifts up into your room and sends you into a deep sleep. As I have already mentioned the breakers up at the north, I shall go out to the east coast where miles and miles of sandy beaches stretch practically from one end of the island to the other. There in the daytime you may see breakers large enough to swallow you in one mouthful. Those are the ones that you may have the most fun on, learning how to surf-ride and enjoying yourself immensely as you do so. These do not calm down even at night, for that part of the island is exposed to the winds and storms from the fierce Atlantic. I also think of those hot, sunny days when one walks along the street and feels the heat rising around the legs, and looking back sees footprints in the warm pitch sidewalks. I look across fields of sugar cane, and can actually see the heat rising above the cane arrows. I also see the colourful birds darting from tree to tree as the white clouds drift by overhead. These are a few of the many scenes which pass through my mind when I think of Trinidad.

AILSA REID, IVB.

Scene—Alumnae dinner.

Speaker—Miss Read: "The large group in the corner over there all dressed in black are not young widows. They are this year's Fifth Form."

PRELUDE TO ETERNITY

Fear clung to the dark corners of his cell and whispered harshly through the black branches of the trees outside the barred window. It mocked him in the austere beauty of moonlight which fell in a cold silver pool at his feet. On the wall behind him black shadows danced in weird and grotesque shapes, flinging out their long arms as if to grasp him in their evil dance.

He sat on the edge of the hard cot. Every fibre in his tired body filled with that same hideous fear which enveloped his cell and enclosed him in the suffocating black cloak of night. There was no escape. It reached into the very soul of his being with icy fingers and filled his confused mind with the sickening thoughts of reality: the fearful realization that he was to die; that this life which belonged to him was to be taken away for a crime which he had not committed. Why would they not believe him? Why would they not grant him an appeal to prove his innocence?

Oh God! It was not just that man should have the right to condemn his fellow-man with his imperfect laws and empty words. Why should man have the right to take away a life which God had given? His mind and body ached with every beat of his heart which brought him nearer and nearer to that great unknown abyss called—"Death". Each labouring breath he drew from his parched and swollen throat drew him closer and closer to that vast uncharted eternity beyond.

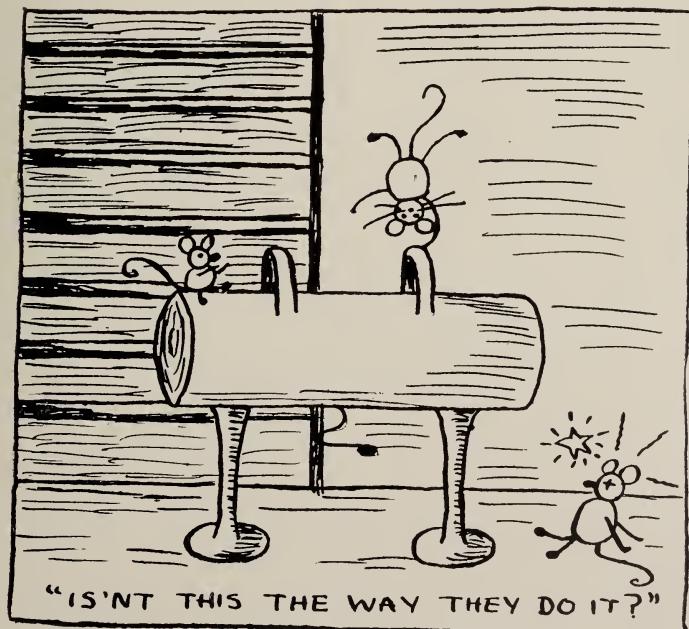
Why should he be tortured in this way? Why could they not kill him now? His pulse throbbed, drowning out the fear which hammered incessantly into his weary brain. Panic gripped him. Every nerve in his body was tense crying out for pity. Tiny silver rivers of perspiration trickled along the furrowed lines of his forehead. His hands became cold and clammy as he clenched and unclenched his fists. He could not stand it any longer. In blind hysteria he screamed for mercy.

It was all over. He trembled in a cold sweat, shaking as great sobs wracked his haggard form. He did not care any more. Guards stood over him, swearing and shouting at him to be quiet. Blinding lights flashed in his aching eyes. A feeling of nausea swept over him as an overwhelming desire to scream in anger and fear surged through his mind. How could they possibly understand? Had they ever prayed for Death to come and banish that agonizing fear of dying? How could these fools, who held his life in their hands, ever realize the horrible suffering which distorted his mind and twisted every thought?

Again his screams filled the prison. Every nerve in his body cried out for that intangible thing called "Death". "Death" who knows no mercy or discrimination but who is man's best weapon. He was going to lose his life: that life which had been given to him to love beauty and goodness and which now made him hate with a savage fury. Once more the same horrible fear took hold of him and screamed in grim hatred through his mind and soul.

They dragged him through echoing corridors—past bright hot lights and glaring white walls. He wanted to run! To escape from these fools who were so sure of his guilt. At last! They were almost there. He wanted to get into that room of terror which condemned men enter but never leave. He wanted to die—to escape forever this world of men who killed innocent people with one word of their puny judgement.

They would never know of his innocence. They would kill him as another murderer. Only God and his soul would ever know that he had not committed that crime. Through the cloud which veiled his glazed eyes he saw the priest open the Bible and heard him read the last rites. But his lips were too parched to repeat the words. What did these mere men know of God, the greatest and only Judge?



The guard walked deliberately over to the switch. He braced himself for that last second of life. He could not breathe. It was as if some evil force were strangling him. The hand of the guard grasped the switch. His nails dug into the smooth leather sides of the death chair in one last effort to overcome that ultimate fear and pain.

The inevitable instant was past. His weary body hung limp and relaxed. He was at peace for the first time. Fear had left him forever. Death had conquered Life.

CHARMIAN PHILPOTT, V Special.

FALSE ALARM

'Twas just before morning, when all through the house
Not a creature was stirring, except for a mouse.

The bell was rung by Jeannie with strength, in hopes that we girls
would be walking at length.

The boarders were nestled all snug in their beds while visions of boy
friends danced round in their heads.

Ailsa in her nightgown, and I in my wrap, had both settled down for a
long Winter's nap,

When out in the hall there arose such a clatter I leaped from my bed
to see what was the matter.

There to my wondering eyes did appear a bevy of Branksomites
hovering near.

They thought that the walk bell had already gone, and there they were
standing, without very much on.

I questioned them all, saying what was the hurry, the bell hadn't gone.
Then—swoosh—what a scurry!

Back to their rooms, and back to their beds, and soon all the covers were
over their heads.

DORIS HILL,
Form IVA.

Miss Edmison: Where do the insects go in the winter?

Nancy Beatty: Search me.

Miss Edmison: I don't want them—I just want to know where
they go!

MONUMENTS IN CEDAR

“Monument, mystical, awesome and ghoulish;
Seemingly purposeless, paganish, foolish;
What is the message your symbols conceal?”

When one leaves Puget Sound and heads northwestward toward Alaska, one almost immediately enters a region known for the past two hundred years as the “Northwest Coast”. It comprises all coastal British Columbia and the Alaskan “Panhandle” or, in other words, Southeastern Alaska. This incredibly beautiful land of virgin forest, rock encased fiords, turbulent cataracts and majestic glaciers might well be called the “Totempolar Region”, for here is the home and birthplace of those most interesting graven cedar monuments erected by a primitive people in a bygone age.

The first impression one gains of totempoles is that they must be of great antiquity. This is due largely to the presence of a great many rotting, lichen-covered, leaning poles in a number of deserted Indian villages throughout the totempolar region. The Iron Age, after 1775, marks the beginning of an extensive trade between the natives and explorers. The principal item wished by the Indians in trade for their furs was iron, either implement or bar. Their great dexterity in works of wood may be attributed to the assistance they received from iron tools. The Golden Age of the Totempole was the period of some forty or fifty years, ending about 1880. Strangely, this is the most poorly documented period in the history of the totempole, yet in those few years the entire coast suddenly blossomed in elaborate totemic columns and gaily decorated community houses—and then, just as suddenly, faded out forever.

What is generally referred to as a totempole may be any one of a half-dozen types found on the Northwest Coast. The one thing they have in common is that they are nearly all carved of red cedar. The difference lies in their use and the purpose for which they were erected. The house pillar was used to support central rafters of the massive community houses; the carvings illustrated stories from Haida mythology and sometimes one story was continued on all four poles. The mortuary pole consisted of a plain (sometimes painted) pole on top of which a box containing ashes of the dead was placed. The mortuary pole went out as the missionaries came in. The family pole was originally short and broad, but as years went on it developed into a tall, stately pole; beautifully carved and painted; its legend was the history of the

family residing within. The potluck pole was the result of the accumulation of wealth in the hands of the middle-class Indians resulting from the fur trade and wages sent home by Indian seamen. The ridicule pole was erected for the purpose of ridiculing some person of high standing for failing to meet or recognize an obligation.

Most of the stories carved on the totem poles are taken from the general mythology of the tribe, principal among them being the exploits



of Raven, a culture hero. Totem poles are read from the top downward; also one must acquire a fair knowledge of the art, style and symbolism employed by the carvers.

The unusual characteristics of the art are what distinguish it from the art of any other people in the world. Since realism was seldom employed, a system of symbols was developed by which the various figures could be recognized. Totem poles were painted with a type of fishegg tempera and the colours originally were red, black and apple green. They were carved of Western red cedar and Alaska yellow cedar. Smaller carvings were made of alder, maple, crabapple and spruce.

There are still remaining many totem poles which, if beyond restoration, should at least be duplicated, for the time is not far distant when

these monuments will be considered a source as important to South-eastern Alaska and Coastal British Columbia as the pyramids are to Egypt or the ruins of Ancient Rome to modern Italy. The significant fact is simply that no other place in the whole world has totempoles; people will come from far and wide to see them—as long as they remain.

JANE MACAULAY, IVB.

ON HER STUDIES

(With apologies to Milton)

When I consider how my days are spent
Ere half my life, in this dark school and wide,
And those few subjects which are meant to guide
Have to my mind a bitter hatred lent,
I serve therefore my sentence, and present
My homework, lest my case at court be tried;
“Doth school demand day-labour, pay denied?”
I sadly ask, but Patience to prevent
That murmur soon replies, “School does not need
Either man’s studies, nor his books. Who best
Leave it alone, they serve it best. Their fate
Is teachers: thousands at whose bidding speed,
And study night and day for each hard test;
They also fail who can get forty-eight.

BARBARA HEISE,
Form IVA.

THE FOOTBALL MATCH

From a distance it lies, a large “O”. It was empty a moment ago, but now small variously coloured insects can be seen moving across the field and entering the stands. Small groups of them sit in secluded corners with large dark spaces in between. Some few minutes pass and as the teams trot onto the field the “O” is outlined again, this time in solid colour.

Even at closer range there is no distinction of persons. There is simply row on row of heads of a uniform size and shape placed on a multi-coloured background of clothes. They sit as on an artist’s canvas

—as one 'team scores he raises his canvas and subsequently lowers it back into place. It is a puppet show without individuality, as though all these cardboard dolls were attached to the same strings, to rise and fall in unison. Behind this puppet stage a gramaphone record emits loud screeches as the mass on one side stands and cheers, while the other side sits in gloomy silence.

Perhaps on closer inspection—yes, people are discernible. Gum-chewing concentration is reflected on one face; grim tension on another, as one man's arms involuntarily reach to catch the ball; relief here; despondency there, where that man is fingering in his pocket the money which he seems about to lose; all have one characteristic in common—wholehearted interest. All have their eyes glued to the play in the field below them.

As the game ends, the mass crumbles into small groups, laughing and talking, standing in the field, or moving towards the gates. A few minutes—there it is again, simply a large "O".

JESSIE MARRINER, VA.

Miss Sime: Molly! Are you chewing gum in your uniform?

Molly: No, Miss Sime, I'm chewing it in my mouth.

JASPER PARK

Shall I ever forget Jasper National Park! All the grandeur and glory of Canada's greatest tourist attraction, the Rocky Mountains, surround the location. Set deep in the heart of a most of awe-inspiring peaks, Lac Beauvert, with its everchanging colours of deep blue and green, is like a jewel. Small rivers born from great white glaciers wend their way through wide-spreading valleys. Waterfalls leap in a sheen of silver, to fall hundreds of feet and burst in diamond spray, glittering and shimmering in the sun. To this place of natural beauty man has brought his ingenuity. Jasper Park Lodge is built to fit in with the background. It is set back from Lac Beauvert so that there is a commanding view of the lake. Rimming the shore of the lake is a row of quaint cottages. These buildings, as well as the lodge, are all constructed of the trees taken from the surrounding district. Set amid colourful flowers and encircled by friendly peaks, Jasper is a masterpiece, created and coloured by nature for the delight of man.

A. ZIMMERMAN, IVA.

SUNRISE OVER BARRANJOEY, N.S.W.

It was about five o'clock in the morning and I felt an urge to rise and say "good morning" to the sea.

I swished through wet, cool salt-grasses, and broke the surface of the salt-rimed sand as I flung behind me the shadows and felt the swift gold of the sun on my arms.

Later on, and higher up on the headland, overlooking the morning sea, were the great, grey sandstone rocks still numb from the touch of the night, but tingling into living gold where the sun crowned them. My eyes were blinded with the gold. The thin, hazy streamers of morning mist cloaked the inlet with dancing motes, and the sky was all pure saffron. The sea rolled in beneath me interminably, breaking in a smother of gold foam and falling back, then rolling in and breaking again.

The sand was gold; miles and miles of it, a smooth clear colour in curving crescents, and between them, rocky headlands, then more beaches stretching into infinity.

Moving flecks of yellow wheeled and screamed down the cliff face, outlined against the violent, violet water, blue as only an Australian sea can be—gulls, straining their narrow wings, rising and falling in a cloud of moving flocks—gold dust.

Down again on the grass-tufted dunes, I wondered if King Midas had touched me, too.

LUCI DECK, VB.

Miss Stirling: If you were walking along with a cow and two ducks, what would you have?

Helen DeNike: Quackers and milk!

A WINTER EVENING

The snow falls slowly from an empty sky,
And spreads a deep, soft blanket on the hills;
While, in the village, flickering lights appear
As lamps glow gently from their curtained sills.

And then the moon begins to keep its watch—
A pale-faced vigil on the glistening snow,
Where on the morrow skiers will be seen,
Where now dark shadows ever darker grow.

BARBARA FLEMING,
Form VB.

W A V E

I sweep over beaches with shells in my fingers;
I cover the shore with silver-gold sand.
I glaze the bright earth with a crystal that lingers,
And scatter foam-lace with a delicate hand.

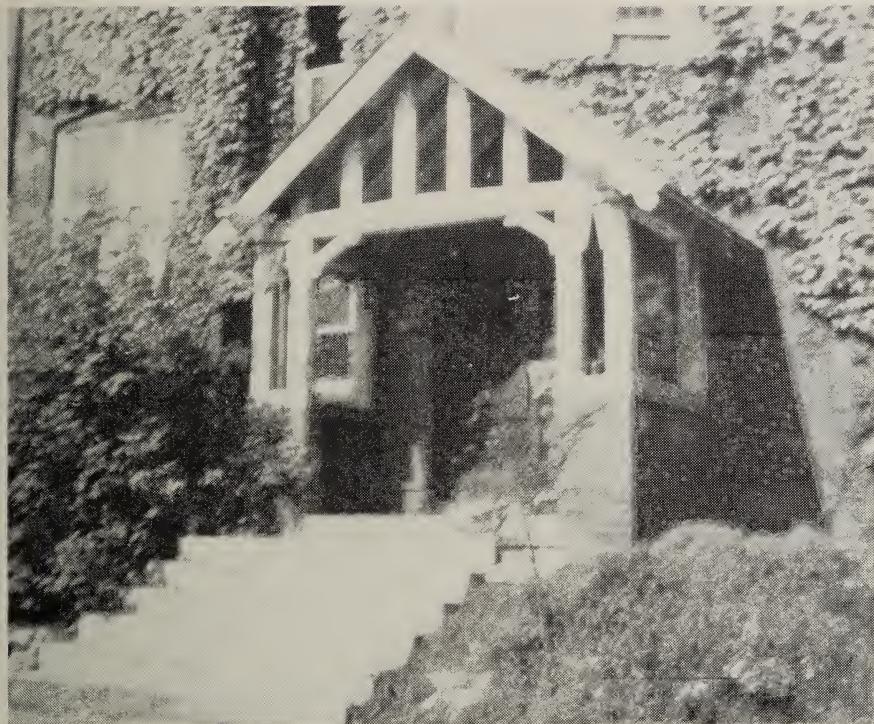
Like a gull in a wind-storm I fly from mid-ocean;
The tempest behind me, I hammer the ground,
But I soothe like a mother, with monotonous motion,
The little, live creatures that in me abound.

I'm a song, I'm a zephyr, the little blue daughter
Of my great, blue mother, the overhead sky;
And though I can reign with the proudest of hauteur
I collapse on the beach with a whisper—and die.

L. DECK,
Form VB.

Awarded prize for poetry, 1948.





Junior Activities

During the school year the Juniors participated in many sports. In the Fall there was swimming and basketball. During the Winter we had skating at Varsity Arena. At the first signs of spring we played softball and we arranged a softball team to play against other schools. Swimming and croquet were also enjoyed by all.

The swimming in the junior school has increased this year and we have many eager swimmers and divers. Miss Shirton teaches classes in diving and swimming after school in the Fall and Spring. We have had two big swimming meets this year. The first was with Bishop Strachan, in which Branksome came third. The second was with Ontario Ladies' College. Branksome was more successful and came first.

On Friday, the nineteenth of March, the Junior School presented

the Gilbert and Sullivan operetta, *H.M.S. Pinafore*. The play (in two acts) gave excellent opportunities for some young aspirants.

The cast was as follows:

Captain Corcoron	-	-	-	-	June Binnie
Sir Joseph	-	-	-	-	Charmian MacRoberts
Buttercup	-	-	-	-	Babs Smyth
Dick Deadeye	-	-	-	-	Wendy Rogers
Josephine	-	-	-	-	Noreen Philpott
Ralf Rackstraw	-	-	-	-	Janet Howard
Phoebe	-	-	-	-	Ann Stag
Boatswain	-	-	-	-	Patsy Fulford

The Rhythm Band played the overture, with Miss LaVon at the piano. The songs, both solos and choruses, were exceptionally well done. Nearly all the characters enjoyed acting their parts, while it was found that the audience enjoyed their acting just as much, if not more. There was great applause all the way through and everyone agreed that the operetta was a great success.

THE ST. LAWRENCE RIVER

I am the St. Lawrence River, one of the great rivers of the world. On the maps I start from Lake Ontario and flow east to the Atlantic Ocean, but my waters come from all the great lakes and the hundreds of rivers that flow into them; some such great rivers as the Ottawa, the Saguenay and the St. Maurice.

For many centuries my waters flowed between banks covered with great forests. The only men living on my shores were Indians in hunting camps and scattered villages such as Stadacona and Hochelaga. These Indians were known as Algonquins and they travelled on my waters in birch bark canoes.

In 1535 a stranger from France named Jacques Cartier discovered me, and I was named by him the St. Lawrence River. He explored my waters as far as Montreal and spent the winter near what is now Quebec City and in the spring he returned to France. It was not until Champlain came from France in 1608 and founded what is now Quebec City that the white man made a real attempt to start settlements on my shores. Later another settlement was started at Mount Royal. I was then used as a highway between the settlements along my shores.

As these villages became settled, the French started to explore the country to the west and to the north. So my waters became the highway

for La Salle, Joliet and Frontenac, who discovered the Great Lakes, the Mississippi River and the Great Prairies of the West. The explorers were followed by fur traders and missionaries.

Though I love peace and helping man, many times my shores were disturbed by war. There were war parties from the Iroquois attacking the Indian and white settlements along my shores. There were also the wars between England and France, which were not settled until Quebec and Canada were captured by Wolfe in 1759. Again, in 1812, war broke out and there was fighting between the Americans and the Canadians. Since then I have lived in peace.



JUNIOR CHIEFTAINS AND SUB-CHIEFTAINS

First Row: W. Rogers, J. West, B. Smythe.
Second Row: P. Gulford, T. Patterson, N. Philpott.

After Wolfe captured Quebec, many British traders and settlers came to live in Canada. They traded not only with the Indians but with the Americans to the south. So the number of ships bringing goods from Europe and taking back the riches of a new country grew greater each year. As trade increased, the cities on my shores grew larger. Soon ships using me as a highway to the ocean were trading with all parts of the world. Later new cities like Toronto, Hamilton, Sault St. Marie and Fort William started to grow up along the lakes and rivers which flowed into me.

My life has been very closely connected with the building of Canada. I feel that I still may see many developments, maybe greater than I have yet seen, as Canada grows.

Truly I feel that I am one of the great rivers of the world and that the years to come will add to my greatness.

SANDRA WOODS, Grade VII.

A TRIP TO HOLLAND

We were all very surprised when we got a letter inviting us to go to Holland, from our friends the Van Gelders. We were all very pleased when it was decided we could go. They had a girl, Juliana, just my age, and I was glad I was going to meet her.

We now had to write to Ottawa for passports so we would be allowed to enter Holland when we got there.

It took a long time packing to get ready for this long trip. We left Toronto on the night train for New York. The next morning we took a taxi to our ship. On board was a Punch and Judy show, a swimming pool and a big deck to play on. Everybody had a good time for the seven days we were on board. At last we saw land; it was England. The ship stopped at Southampton, but we did not get

off. Then it took us to Rotterdam.

And there were our friends waving to greet us. They took us home. We had a Dutch dinner which was very good. Then Juliana showed me around the house and also her Dutch costume that she wore on festival days, a costume of a tight bodice over a white blouse and a very full skirt. She showed me her wooden shoes, too.

The next morning Juliana and I went to the cheese market in Alkmaar. We saw them making Gouda and Edam cheese. On our way home we went to the ship-building yards. Ships are built here that sail all over the world.

Another trip we took was to the Art Gallery. We saw the following pictures: "The Cats' Dancing Lesson" by Jan Steen and the "Laughing Cavalier" by Franz Hals, some flower pictures by Van Gogh, and pictures by Rembrandt and Vermeer.

Juliana and I took our bicycles out one sunny day and we saw the dykes beside which were many windmills. The tulips were just out and it made a beautiful scene in the waving breezes.

After several weeks of sightseeing we went on to other countries. When we left Holland we thanked the Van Gelders for our lovely visit.

ADRIENNE ALLEN,
Grade V.

BRANKSOME HALL

Harrogate and our Miss MacG.
Made a sturdy out of me.
Old grade 8 and dear Miss J.
Pulled my grammar up a way.
When to Branksome first I strode,
I was told, "Keep well the road."
If I fail, or prove too lame,
Branksome, you are not to blame.
For the term, I sadly fear,
Only half of me was here.
Dear old roomates, fights and fun
Are caused by spots upon the sun.
Branksome, Staff, Miss R. astute,
May a Yankee give salute?

SHEILA TODD,
Grade VIII.

W I N T E R

Winter is the time for fun
When everyone is on the run;
Back and forth go sleighs and skis,
And children doing as they please.
Tinkling sleighbells, merry songs
Echo through the bustling throngs
That swarm about the snowy hill
To know this wondrous winter
thrill!



The swirling snow comes dancing
down
To clothe in white each little town,
And everywhere gay laughter
rings,
For this is the song that winter
sings.

SALLY HUME, Grade VIII.

THE ROBIN

The robin came flying
One day in spring,
He flew to a tree
And started to sing.

A squirrel came up
The tree so fast,
The robin flew
Away at last.

As he flew away
He sang a tune,
That I thought would go up
To the sun and the moon.

HENRIETTA EGLY,
Grade II.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A FOUNTAIN PEN

In the summer of 1925, Captain Pierre Le Blanc was taking a stroll on the battlefield where, but nine years before, he and his buddies had fought so bravely.

It brought back many memories, both sad and merry, of how his pals, who joked and laughed with him, had also given their lives for peace. "Peace," thought Pierre, "how long should it last? Shall I see my sons brutally killed as I saw so many die?"

Then, in the distance, he saw the old ruins of Rheims Cathedral. Slowly he made his way up to that historic landmark. There it stood, still and majestic. As he looked at the one lone spire, he felt that he must go in and look at the inside.

As he entered the broken archway, he stumbled on a rock. It moved, revealing a long, black object. He bent down and picked it up. "Why, it's a fountain pen!" he exclaimed and put it in his pocket.

That night, as he was going to bed, he said to the pen, "If you could but talk, what stories you could tell."

Suddenly he was awakened to find the pen sitting on his pillow, calling to him to wake up.

"Pierre, you said that if I could talk I could tell great stories. Well, I can talk, and if you want I shall tell you my life story.

"It was in October, 1915, when my adventures began. On my last day on Canadian soil I was in the pocket of my owner, Captain David Matheson. He was loading his baggage on the ship which was to take him on a voyage from which he might never return.

"Then came a blast from the funnel of the ship. We were off—off into the unknown!

"A few weeks later we were standing on French soil. The sound of battle could be heard and ambulances came by carrying wounded.

"Suddenly I felt a jolt and my owner dropped to the ground. He was wounded very seriously, but before he dropped into unconsciousness he pulled me out of his pocket and tried to write a note to his mother. His clutch on me loosened and I fell to the ground. Trampling feet kicked me into the flaming ruins of Rheims Cathedral. There I lay, mourning the loss of my friend the Captain and feeling sorrowful over the letter to his mother which I had failed to write.

"And that is my story," concluded the pen.

The next morning, Pierre picked up the pen, walked out the door and down the road to the "Armed Forces" cemetery. He waited for a moment, searching for a certain grave. Then he saw it and dug a hole beside the grave. Here he buried the pen. "You don't belong to me," he said. "Rest here with your Captain."

The name on the grave was: Captain David Matheson.

NOREEN PHILPOTT, VII.



In the death of Miss Violet Robinson on December 10, 1947, Branksome Hall has this year suffered an irreparable loss, which is apparent to all those who knew her intimately, for during the many years (1906-1947) she was associated with the School, she identified herself with its interests in a unique manner.

Miss Robinson taught first in the Junior School; later she introduced classes in History of Art and Interior Decoration into the Senior School. For this work she had marked ability and inspired great interest among her pupils. She was sometimes consulted by outsiders and contributed articles on these subjects to various periodicals. In this, and in other ways, her talents enriched the cultural side of our school life. In later years she served as School Librarian.

To the members of the staff closely associated with her was given the great privilege of working with one always dignified, gracious, and genuinely kind. She was never known to speak disparagingly of pupil, colleague or school, and her loyalty was so outstanding that she has set a standard for us all—staff, alumnae and students.

Miss Robinson had a remarkable gift for friendship and had a wide circle of devoted friends, among them many of her former pupils and colleagues, while to the end she cherished friendships formed in childhood.

Her life, lived on a high plane, exemplified the dignity of the human spirit and her strong Christian faith was the vital factor in that serenity of mind which was such a noticeable characteristic. Of her it can truly be said that she obeyed the command: "Whatsoever things are lovely . . . whatsoever things are of good report, think on these things."

ALUMNAE

At a meeting held in the autumn the following were elected as officers of the Branksome Hall Alumnae Association:

Honourary President	-	-	-	Miss Read
President	-	-	-	Carmen Fair Capon
First Vice-President	-	-	-	Shirley Lind Chelew
Second Vice-President	-	-	-	Jacqueline Sinclair Blackwell
Secretary	-	-	-	Erie Sheppard Catto
Treasurer	-	-	-	Mary Jean Hall
Scholarship Treasurer	-	-	-	Edythe Hewitt
Social Convenor	-	-	-	Margaret Withers
Slogan Representative	-	-	-	Ainslie McMichael

Committee—Grace Norris Craig, Anne James, Jane Anne Rees, Pat McConnell Ross, Laura Stone Bradfield, Joan Peat, Alix Wood McCart, Joanne Edmonds, Isobel Coulthard, Patricia Stewart and Diana Griffith.

Miss Read gave her annual dinner for the Alumnae February 14th. The new officers of the Association were there in force and were presented to the members by the President. Reports were read by the secretary and treasurers, but the chief speaker was the Principal, who gave a brief resume of the history of the school and told of the new property recently acquired and of the uses to which the grounds and building are to be put. The Extension Fund was launched amid much enthusiasm, and altogether it was a delightful affair.

Sheila MacQueen was offered scholarships at five American universities and accepted the Charles Walgren at the University of Chicago. She is working in the field of industrial affairs. Zelda Friedman is also at this university. At the University of Toronto, Patricia Marlow was awarded the Dickson Scholarship in History, English, Latin and French and the Margaret Ann Brock in English and History. Anne Burton won the Edward Blake in Botany, Zoology, English and History and the Jacob Cohen Memorial Scholarship in English, French and History.

Joyce Frankel was chosen from five hundred students to be President of the Student Body at Smith College. The first time this honour has been won by a Canadian. Ellen Fleming, who graduates from Cornell this year, is secretary of the Women's Student Government of this college.

Dorothy Gaeblein graduates from Barnard College this year. She has been awarded the highest scholarship in her class and was elected to Phi Beta Kappa. Kay Everitt graduated in Law from the University of Manitoba, the only girl in her class.

Grace Cockburn, who obtained her B.A. at McMaster, May, 1947, is at Edinburgh University studying Social Service. Mary Twigg Woodward is attending the University of London, England.

Joan Marlow graduates this year from the University of British Columbia with the degree of B.Sc.A. At this college are Janice McColl and Anne Hargraft in their freshman year. Pat Reynolds is taking a Science and Commercial Course at Acadia. Priscilla Hinchcliffe is at Wells College. Among those graduating from U. of T. are Joan Peat, Margaret McKelvey, Patricia Stewart, June Whitehead and Nancy Tyrrell. Those in their first year at this institution of learning include Ann Cawthra, Barbara Hragraft, Jane Hamilton, Ann Spence, Mary and Sheila Craig, Joyce Hassard, Judith Livingston and Barbara Scott. Catherine Lukes is taking the course in dental nursing. Joan Vanstone is a candidate for the degree of Bachelor of Social Work.

Mary Hanson, Noreen Emory, Althea McCoy, Meribeth Stobie, Mary Powell and Hazel Parry graduated from McGill, May, 1947. Hazel has returned to England. Judith Godfrey is at this university and took part in the annual Red and White Review. Donna Mackenzie has chosen to get her B.A. from Western University.

Gina Baker and Mary Joyce Phelan are attending universities at Geneva and Neuchatel, Switzerland. Kate Haas is at "Les Fougeres", Lausanne.

Anne James and Rosemary Hanna are at Macdonald College, Guelph, and Judith Palmer and Peggy Perriton at Macdonald College, St. Anne de Bellevue. Constance Colthurst is a student at the Appalachian State Teachers' College, Boone, N.C.

Joyce Cobban plays forward on the St. Hilda's basketball team, she is also a member of the swimming team which competes with other colleges. According to the Trinity College Review, Joy Clegg, who took part in the play "The Old Lady Shows Her Medals", was outstanding for her sincerity in conveying emotion.

Louise Park is in training at the Chatham General, from which hospital Helen Russell graduated last May. Betty Oliver is at the Hamilton General and Gerda Murray is a student nurse at the Royal Victoria, Montreal. Caroline Jean started training last January in the Orthopaedic Hospital, Hampshire, England. Jane Copeman and Sally Evans are at the Wellesley and Anne Blake is a lab technician in a Montreal hospital. Lois Mudie is one of the secretaries of the Gananoque branch of the Victorian Order of Nurses.

In New York are Kathleen McGee taking a course in drawing and designing, Ann Nicholls attending the Fashion Academy, Fifth Avenue, and Gloria Lyons studying dancing at the Helen Norflett School. Boston finds Diana Griffith at the Sargent School of Physical Education and Joan Bradfield, who graduates this year from the Modern School of Fashion and Design, where she has been studying merchandising and styling.

Mary Reid is librarian at Victoria University. Diana Hawkins is in the Physical Education Department, Queen's University, and Joyce Bertram is physical instructor at Branksome. Barbara Browne is teaching at a school near Oxford, England, and Margaret Emmerson is teaching at Niagara. Nancy Rendell is in London, England, doing physiotherapy.

Theresa Goldie Faulkner was referred to in "Time" magazine, January 12th, 1948, as the Aldermen's Hansard. She felt that if more voters knew what was at stake they would go to the polls in greater numbers. So whenever the city council meets, Theresa is there and takes notes. These reports are mimeographed and are preferred reading for many civic organizations as well as the Women's Electors' Association.

Phyllis Hollinrake is President of the Board of Management, Home for Insurable Children. Wilhelmina Maclean Howard is one of the Vice-presidents of the Royal Conservatory of Music Alumni. Mary Campbell Lewis is executive secretary of the Child Study Association of America

at their office in New York City. Virginia Copping Wilson, president of the Toronto Junior League, represented that chapter at the conference of the Association of Junior League held in French Lick, Indiana, in May. Joyce Tedman Howell has launched a new publication, a four-page tabloid-style monthly about women's activities in Toronto.

It is always nice hearing from Old Girls. Muriel Moore Bragg wrote recently and enclosed a snap of herself, husband, son and two daughters. The eldest girl is at college and the boy is a paratrooper with the famous 82nd Airborne Division. Ruth Langlois Smith's daughter, Priscilla, was married in June, 1947, to Mr. Earl D. Osborne, Jr. Grace McGaw and a friend are running a guest ranch in British Columbia. The address is Dutch Lake Guest Ranch, Clearwater Station, B.C. It is eighty miles due north of Kamloops and, from photographs we have seen, seems a delightful spot. Barbara Thomas Francis writes that she has returned to New York City and tells us of some of the Old Girls she has seen recently.

Mary Stewart Steenstra-Toussaint is singing in Grand Opera in Great Britain. She has twin daughters who were born in Portugal, to which country she and her husband went after being interned in Japan.

Latest additions to Life Membership in the B.H. Alumnae are Alice Eastmure, Marjorie Flanagan and Flavia Elliott. Flavia graduates in June from U. of T., majoring in Geography.

Charlotte Abbott is with the department of National Defence, Ottawa. Aileen Stinson is secretary to the president of the Link Belt Co., and Elaine Hutson is with the Industrial Acceptance Corporation. Kathlenn McFarren has a position in a life insurance company.

Jean Ross sailed in February to visit friends in Shanghai. Susan Ross visited Nassau this Spring. In April, Madeleine Rogers Peers went to China, with her husband, for a six-weeks trip; the Chinese government placed a plane at their disposal. Jeanne Montgomery was in England and Switzerland this winter and Marjorie Postlethwaite Kerry went to Trinidad in May. Frances Kilvert Munro was in Toronto, from Winnipeg, in April.

Alumnae who knew Mademoiselle Chaubert will be interested to hear that her niece, Francoise Chaubert, is at Branksome this year.

Kathryn Gooderham Donaldson is sojourning in England, and Frances McLeod Rowland and baby daughter are spending a year in that country, where her husband is doing post graduate work in medicine.

Kathleen Hinch Conrad and Ruth Fleming Stumpf are living in California and Barbara Martin Bensen in Honolulu. Catherine Vanderburgh Ramsey has taken up residence in Pittsburgh, Penn.

Agnes Campbell Heslip has moved to Madoc and Gretchen Gray Bedford-Jones to Cobourg. Mary Northcott may be addressed Nanaimo, B.C. Janet James McCague is making her home in Alliston, Ont; Joan Sieveright Abra is in Niagara Falls and Euphemia Walker Gilday in Sudbury, Hamilton will find Mary Glendinning Macleod, Claire Kilgour Vogel and Jane Wilson Lloyd Jones, while Eleanor Reed Gartshore is in nearby Ancaster. Ray Cayley Osler and Phyllis McTurk Cornwall are domiciled in Newmarket and Alice Redman Gooch in St. Catherines. Lois Sutton Lefebvre, Eleanor Coatsworth Kerfoot, Jean Draper Graham, Barbara Ellis Thompson, Patricia Hobbs Dyke, Anne Ripley and Mary Walker Beggs have joined the Montreal Alumnae. In Kitchener is Margaret Grafton Ross; Betty Darling Halwig is in Waterloo and Kathleen Kennedy Rennie in Guelph. Sonia Skinner Apple, Norah Morton Fullerton and Ann Beare have come to Toronto to reside.

Daughters of the following are in residence at Branksome this year: Helen Jarvis Anderson, Grace Cochrane Patten, Mary Stone Avery, Phyllis Cassels Logie, Bessie Webster Brown, Rosalind Morley MacEwen, Jean Ferguson Morine and Dorothy Kennedy Smith. Lillian Buckley McMurray's child is in her second year with us.

In the day school are the children of Evelyn Mackay Gerow, Joyce Sweatman Dalton, Adelaide McCulloch Green, Dorothy Grant Henderson, Beatrice Johnston Howard and Sheila Lee McGillivray. Marjorie Neale Cope sends us two daughters and the son of Ella Lumbers Gibson is in the Kindergarten.

Among Old Girls visiting the school were Ray Jacobs Frank, Frances Chase, Elizabeth Tusting, Madeleine Cantelon, Bessie Webster Smith, Katharine McVean Piggott, Ann Blake, Althea McCoy Douglas, Barbara Peat, Betty Muntz and Diana Spencer Dyer.

Marriages 1947

Joan Sieveright to Douglas D. Abra, May 3rd.
Avis Bowen to Harold D. Black, May 10th.
Jean McLachlin to Jacques H. Filteau, May 16th.
Euphemia Walker to Thos. Pope Gilday, May 17th.
Jean Jordan to Wm. J. Leadbeater, May 17th.
Katherine Waterman to John E. Featherstone, May 22nd.
Rose Marjan Hartog to J. Schokking, May 29th.
Ruth Barber to Wm. Lloyd Grimshaw, May 31st.
Claire Kilgour to Alfred J. Vogel, May 31st.
Pauline Dorst to Robt. Wm. Dunn, June 7th.
Mary Fairclough to Henry K. Hamilton, June 10th.
Rosemary Thompson to John P. Jarvis, June 12th.
Muriel Sinclair to Wm. F. Osburn, June 14th.
Sonia Skinner to Barnabas W. N. Apple, June 14th.
Eleanor Reed to John B. Gartshore, June 14th.
Marion Cardy to Lorne M. Neilson, June 14th.
Winnifred Clarke to Wm. Donald Brandham, June 21st.
Margaret Wilkinson to Norman L. Death, June 21st.
Bernice Purser to Bruce Saunders, June 21st.
Eleanor Coatsworth to Jas. Henry Kerfoot, June 28th.
Margaret McCulloch to James McQueen, July 19th.
Phyllis McTurk to Wm. N. Cornwall, July 26th.
Betty Marshall to Wilfrid B. Donaldson, August 9th.
Doris Campbell to Theodore R. Safford, August 9th.
Dorothy Stock to Wm. George Ross, August 23rd.
Lois Sutton to Pierre A. Lefebvre, September 4th.
Kathleen Hinch to Wm. Ross Conrad, September 9th.
June Hamilton to Elmer G. Peters, September 10th.
Pamela Pearse to R. Crawford Biggs, September 17th.
Mary MacMillan to John Wm. Duncanson, September 23rd.
Barbara Ellis to E. Winnett Thompson, September 27th.
Phyllis Robinson to Wm. G. Tilt, October 1st.
Patricia Gundy to Jas. M. Patterson, October 11th.
Ray Cayley to Wm. Ramsey Osler, October 25th.
Mary Lawson Hall to John L. Coulson, October 25th.
Anne Marie Higginbottom to John M. Robinson, October 29th.
Daphne Dodds to Herbert L. Grant, November 1st.
Jean Hetherington to Allan John Deans, November 1st.
Eliabeth Thomson Schofield to Allen Richard Armitage, November 15th.
Marion Greer to Arthur J. Tanner, November 22nd.
Dorothy Henry to Leif Bangsboll, December 10th.
Sheila Kirkwood to Richard C. Stock, December 23rd.
Phyllis Holden to Matthew G. S. Elliott, December 27th.

1948

Elizabeth McNabb to Alex. C. Batten, January 26th.
Ellenore Lackie Clark to Samuel F. Donnelly, January 31st.
Joan Keene to Edward R. Quattlander, February 2nd.
Joan Crosbie to Eugene P. Shinkle, February 5th.
Frances Wiser Thomson to Edward H. Ambrose, February 6th.
Norah Morton to Chas. A. Fullerton, February 14th.
Joyce Phillips to Gerald J. Keeley, February 21st.
Joan Burgess to A. Woodburn Langmuir, February 21st.
Peggy Everitt to Patrick Grewar, February 21st.
Jane Draper to Chas. Ross Graham, February
Alther McCoy to John C. Douglas, February 28th.
Shirley A. Brown to Gavin Christie Clark, March 11th.
Audrey Joy Lyons to Jack H. McQuaig, March 20th.
Dorothy Hoyle to Harry T. Patterson, March 27th.
Mary Glennie to C. R. Merrick, April 3rd.
Barbara Cory to Robert C. Porter, April 7th.

Births 1947

Barbara Conway Mills, a daughter, May 2nd.
Shirley Morrish Crawford, a daughter, May 2nd.
Betty Becker Kilgour, a daughter, May 8th.
Isabel Lundy Fulton, a daughter, May 13th.
Dorothy Caley Klein, a daughter, May 14th.
Patricia Hobbs Dyke, a daughter, May 15th.
Jean McEachren Chubb, a son, May 18th.
Marion Brown McCurdy, a son, May 23rd.
Joy Barnes Latimer, a daughter, May 27th.
Barbara Drew Brook Harris, a daughter, May 30th.
Diana Spencer Dyer, a son, May
Jane Kelley Dare, a son, May
Vivien Campbell Stewart, a son, June 3rd.
Jean Morton Rayside, twin sons, June 5th.
Mary Shields Shields, a son, June 5th.
Betty Lowndes Nordheimer, a daughter, June 11th.
Frances McDiarmid Box, a son, June 14th.
Janet Davidson Omand, a son, June 15th.
Peggy Purvis Percival, a daughter, June 18th.
Kathryn Gooderham Donaldson, a son, June 21st.
Nancy Wilson Lord, a son, June 23rd.
Janet James McCague, a son, June 26th.

Marjory Dodds Gardner, a son, June 27th.
Miriam Fox Squires, a son, July 13th.
Errol Gorsch Mackenzie, a son, July 16th.
Molly Morton Flavelle, a daughter, July 28th.
Mildred Mahood Thomson, a daughter, August 10th.
Shirley Peterkin Caswell, a son, August 14th.
Meryl Bigelow Gregory, a daughter, August 14th.
Eleanor Lyle Somerville, a son, August 19th.
Christine Auld West, a son, August 20th.
Katharine Lea McLean, a daughter, August 29th.
Eleanor Mitchell Macivor, a daughter, August 30th.
Barbara Elliott Robertson, a daughter, August 30th.
Helen Glennie McWat, a daughter, August 31st.
Helen Ackerman Morton, a son, August 31st.
Haldane Goodeve Hutchins, a son, August.
Rosemary Hewetson Amell, a son, September 4th.
Catharine Bryans Fallis, a son, September 16th.
Margaret Earl Wedd, a daughter, September 18th.
Joan Franks Macdonald, a son, September 20th.
Mary McDonald Bell Irving, a son, September 24th.
Eleanor Birkett Miller, a son, October 1st.
Mary Robinette McEvane, a daughter, October 12th.
Margaret Mickle Allan, a daughter, October 21st.
Charlotte Deacon Alley, a son, October 27th.
Mary Stuart Playfair Lorriman, a son, November 17th.
Joan Mitchell Flintoft, a daughter, November 19th.
Cecily Taylor Osler, a daughter, November 26th.
June Forsyth Button, a daughter, December 10th.
Phyllis Hanley Scandrett, a son, December 14th.
Viola Beauchamp Farrow, a son, December 14th.

1948

Edith Merrill Sheppard, a son, January 9th.
Betty McBean Leggett, a daughter, January 16th.
Bernie Harris Howson, a son, January 17th.
Barbara Wheelwright Gibson, a son, January 25th.
Gwynneth Sinclair Powell, a daughter, January 28th.
Jane Morgan Brooker, a daughter, February 2nd.
Diana Marriott Irwin, a son, February 2nd.
Ruth Knowlton McEvoy, a son, February 9th.
Marion Armstrong Corless, a son, February 13th.
Dorothy Lyall Purkis, a son, February 15th.
Lillian Mitchell Blair, a son, February 21st.

Patricia Gilday Brown, a son, February 26th.
 Mary McFarland Smith, a son, February 26th.
 Ellen West Ayre, a son, February 28th.
 Alison Carpenter Brown, a daughter, March 2nd.
 Kathryn Shirriff Reid, a son, March 3rd.
 Margaret Davison Lathrop, a son, March 8th.
 Mary Wilder Macdonald, a son, March 11th.
 Brenda Cruikshank Reid, a son, March 15th.
 Katharine Plaunt Thomson, a son, March 16th.
 Hazel Wilkinson Barrett, a son, March 20th.
 Katharine Robarts Jockel, a son, March 24th.
 Joyce Sweatman Dalton, a son, March 29th.
 Elizabeth Le Roy Harrison, a son, April 3rd.
 Jean Lander Dick, a son, April 4th.
 Catherine Matthews Cooper, a daughter, April 7th.
 Eunice Plant McCullough, a daughter, April 8th.
 Joan Sieveright Abra, a son, April 13th.
 Ruth Hewetson Matthews, a daughter, April 14th.
 Audrey Levy Jones, a son, April 16th.

Deaths

Thomas, son of Ruth Ryan Russell, May 14th, 1947.
 Mr. Morden Neilson, husband of Margaret McTavish Neilson, August 26th, 1947.
 Colonel David Larr, husband of Peggy Hearne Larr, August 17th, 1947.
 Dr. Gordon S. Foulds, husband of Florence Gall Foulds, and father of Margaret and Isabel, November 25th, 1947.
 Colonel Wm. S. Goodeve, husband of Wynifred Gray Goodeve, and father of Haldane Goodeve Hutchins and Elaine Goodeve, January 15th, 1948.
 Michael, son of Margaret Barrett Eldridge, January 18th, 1948.
 Barbara, daughter of Isobel Pirie Lewis, March 15th, 1948.
 Colonel Roy G. Sneath, husband of Claire Prime Sneath, April 8th, 1948.

STAFF

Births

To Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Richardson (Miss Marion Findlay), a son, February 4th, 1948.

Marriages

Miss Hazel Mackenzie to Mr. Ronald F. D. Roach, September 3rd, 1947.
 Miss B. Maretta Wetmore to Mr. Barry F. McHugh, December 6th, 1947.
 Miss Noreen Allport to Mr. Forrest E. G. Davidson, December 27th, 1947.

In Memoriam

Sheila Sprague Roberts, June 10th, 1947.

Ethel Trees, July 17th, 1947.

Edna Hinder Hamilton, September 9th, 1947.

Marjorie Brodie Henry, September 28th, 1947.

Norma Gagnon Taylor, January 22nd, 1948.

Marie Junkin Fraser, March 20th, 1948.

Autographs - -

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1948-49

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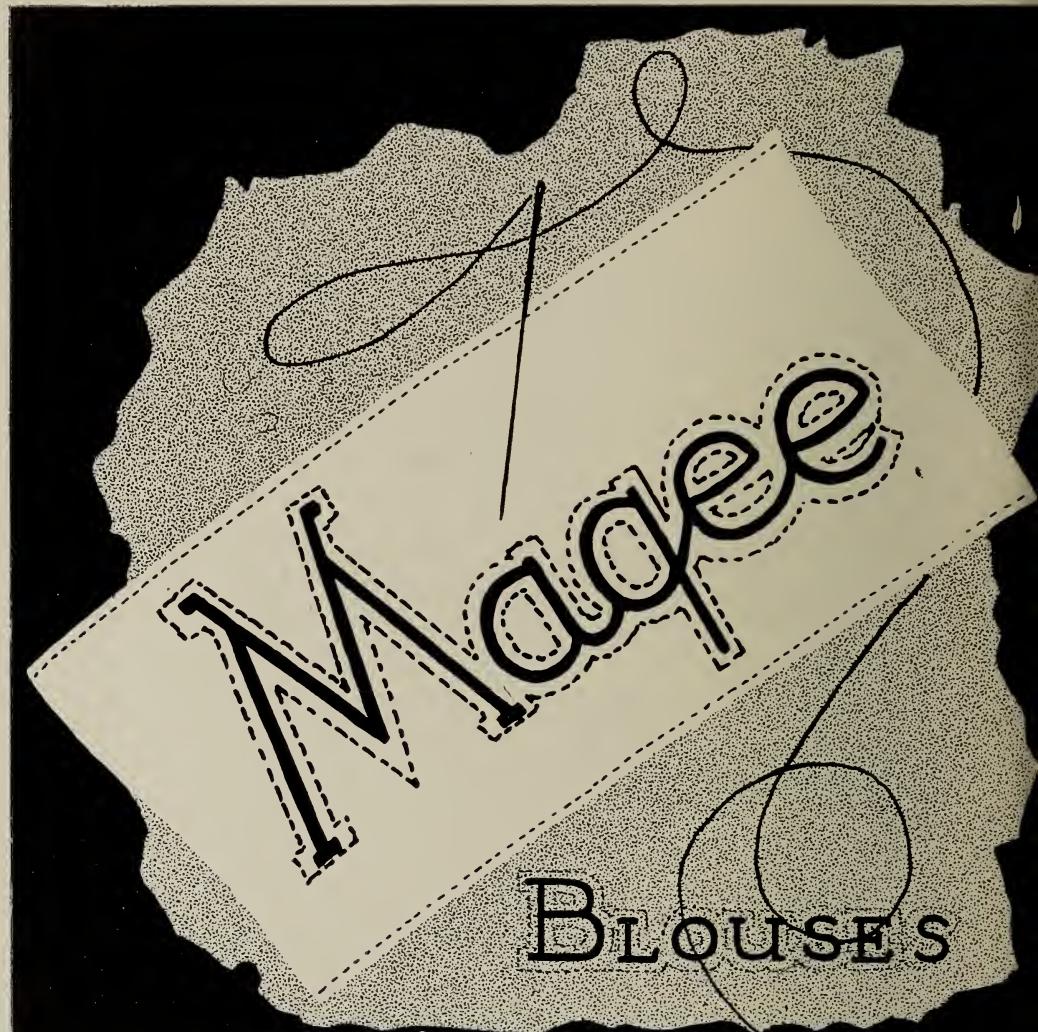
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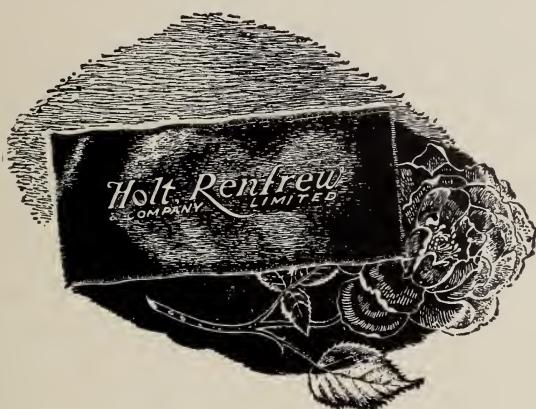
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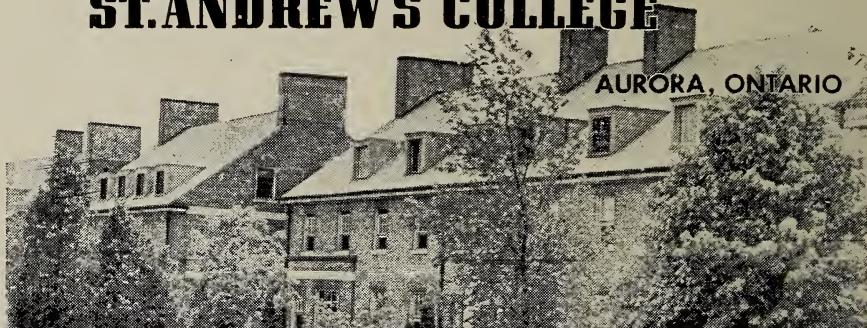
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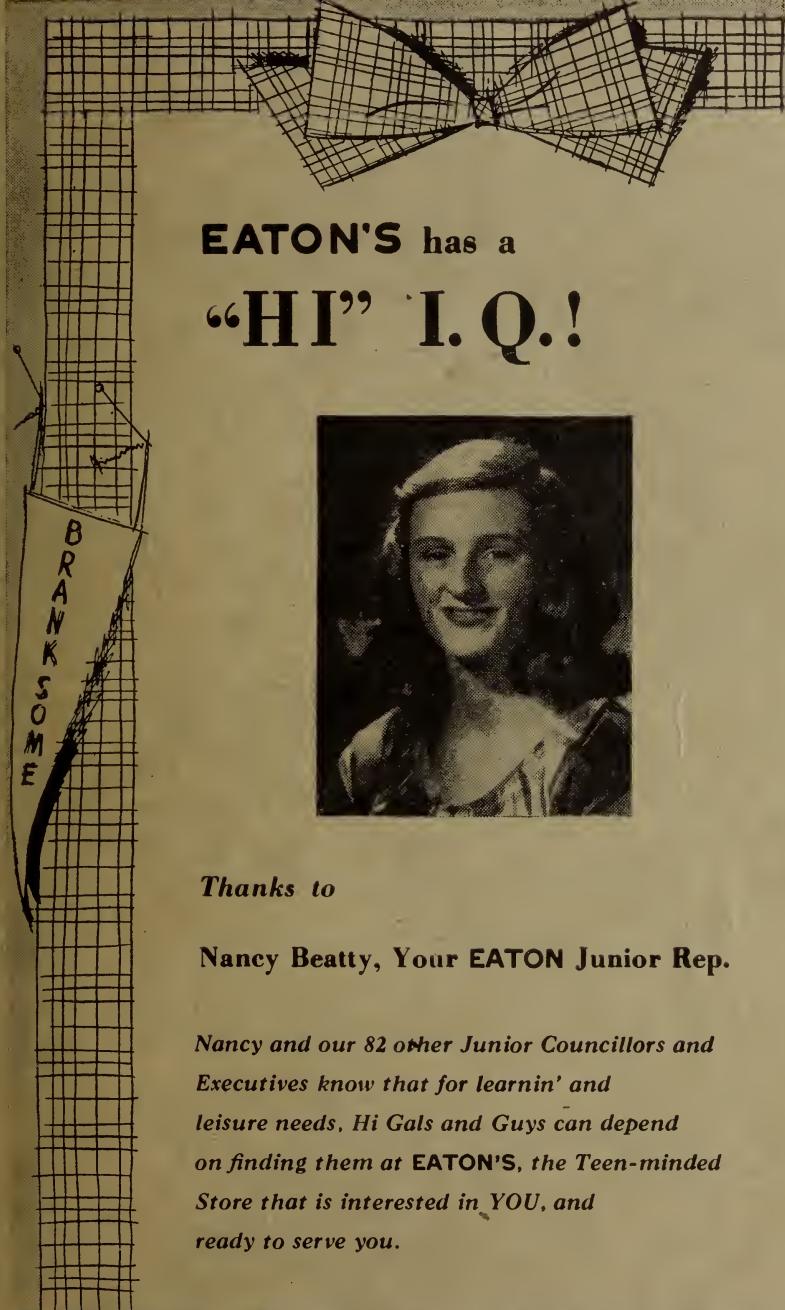
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RA. 1163

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